

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

THERE is a volume of war sermons which goes by the name of *The Beautiful Thing that has Happened to our Boys* (Greenock: McKelvie; 2s. 6d. net). The author is the Rev. Charles ALLAN, M.A. We have seen nothing that Mr. ALLAN has published before. If this is his first book, we cannot be wrong in saying that he owes it to the war. No man could preach with this intensity but one who had felt the terror of the time and had been able by a supreme effort of faith to enter into peace.

To one of the sermons is given the title of 'Take it Seriously.' The text is found in the First Epistle of St. Peter: 'The end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer' (1 P 4⁷). It is a text which, like many other texts in the New Testament, is laden with a sense of crisis. But what did St. Peter mean when he said, 'The end is at hand'?

If he meant that the end of the world was at hand, he made a mistake. That was a common opinion among the early Christians. If St. Peter shared it, he misunderstood his Master. Christ had issued a warning against that very error. 'Ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars,' He had said, but He had added, 'see that ye be not troubled; for the end is not yet.' It was a time of crisis, assuredly. Great things were about to

happen. But they were only the beginning of travail. The happenings were not the convulsions of a dying world, but the birth-pangs of a new era, the ushering in of a new order of things.

It may be, however, that St. Peter did not mean that the end of the world was at hand. It may be that he was only expressing in a vivid way his presentiment that great changes were afoot, that the order of things with which he and his fellow-Christians were familiar was passing away; that they were called therefore to witness for God in a great and fateful time. At any rate, that was the way in which Christ sought to guide the thoughts of His disciples and to prepare them for the dark times ahead. And 'I am sure,' says Mr. ALLAN, 'He would speak to us in the same way now.'

We are hearing of wars and rumours of wars. We are in the very heart of the greatest, the most ruthless, war of history. 'But we are on the wrong tack if we allow ourselves to think or speak of it as "the end of all things." We may be quite sure it is not that. And it is just because it is not that, that we feel the flower of the young manhood of the nations throwing themselves into the conflict are making no useless sacrifice.'

For if the end of all things were at hand, what purpose would be served by their sacrifice? They

are dying that the world may live, that honour and freedom may not perish from the earth. They are giving themselves for God and for the future of the world, that the Kingdom of God may come and the world be worth living in.

And with that comes the message to us. 'Take heed,' says St. Peter, 'to yourselves.' 'It was the one thing to say. In circumstances like these we men and women have great need to take heed to ourselves. If indeed the world were fated to perish in blood and ruin it would matter comparatively little how we bore ourselves. But if we are called to take a hand in the making of a new time, then right thought and right conduct become a matter of infinite moment. For new epochs are not made mechanically or from without, but in the souls of the men and women of the generation that ushers them in. And whether the thought and purpose of God are to be realised in any generation will depend on whether the men and women of that generation are ready to grasp these thoughts and purposes and to put heart and mind and will at the disposal of the Spirit of God for their realisation.'

And how? First by sobriety. That is to say, by being serious, by being in earnest. Not by being gloomy or despondent. St. Peter does not mean that. For out of gloom no great things come. But by being in earnest. 'Said Hector Macpherson, drum-major, 93rd Highlanders, in the Crimean war, to a chaplain who had asked his advice as to how to work among the troops: "Look round you. See the pickets of Liprandi's army. See yon batteries on the right, and the men at the guns. Mark yon trains of ammunition. Hear the roar of that cannon. Look where you may, it is all earnest here. There is not a man but feels it is a death struggle. We are all in earnest, Sir; we are not playing at soldiers here. If you would do good, you must be in earnest too."''

'If we would do good.' What good can we do?

We stand 'against a background of awful tragedy and amid a world in tears.' And grief is a lonely thing. The heart knoweth its own bitterness.

On seas where every pilot fails,
A thousand thousand ships to-day,
Ride with a moaning in their sails
Through winds grey and waters grey.

They are the ships of grief. They go
As fleets are derelict and driven;
Estranged from every port they know
Scarce asking fortitude of Heaven.

No! do not hail them. Let them ride
Lonely as they would lonely be.
There is an hour will prove the tide:
There is a sun will strike the sea.

'We may not hail them,' says Mr. Allan; 'we know that the great Comforter will do His work. But we can pray for them; we can show by our demeanour that we understand. We can at least be nobly serious while others suffer vicariously for us.'

And we can do something in face of the future. 'It is simply appalling to hear people speak, as they do, of the return to the *status quo*, calmly acquiescing in the thought that what has been must be again, *in time*. Assuredly it may and will if we do not bestir ourselves. For we are God's co-workers, and if we fail Him everything is lost and all the sacrifice and suffering will be in vain.'

The other demand that St. Peter makes upon us is watchfulness unto prayer. He bids us 'watch as the sentry does against surprise and sudden danger; lest the enemy of the souls of men take us unawares, and the Christ in this hour of a new Gethsemane should come and find us sleeping; lest when God speaks there should be none to hear. Watch, for the new age is at the door. Be alert and expectant; for a great day of the Son of Man draws nigh.' And he bids us watch unto

prayer—‘not resting in the human only, but calling in the divine: blending our wills with the living Will that is energising at the heart of the Universe and seeking to find entrance into, and a channel of expression through, our yielded minds and hearts.’

‘With fine insight one of our great captains of industry said that “there are problems in the spiritual and social world which are like some of our metals: altogether refractory to low temperatures. They will only melt with great heat and there is no other possibility of melting them.” They will not yield merely to “the coldness of intellectual power, although intellectual power may be a tool, an instrument in the hands of the spiritual life.”’ ‘Christian people have a citizenship on earth as well as in heaven, and there is need to call in by faith and prayer help from that higher world. We need the high temperature for the refractory metals. And without prayer—earnest, believing, importunate prayer—the temperature will not come.’

Our Lord denounced the Pharisees and spared the Sadducees. Yet the Sadducees as well as the Pharisees made open attempts to destroy His reputation; and it was they that brought about His death. Why was He so severe upon the Pharisees, and so lenient with the priests?

The answer is that it never was a personal matter with Him. That the priests who were Sadducees should endeavour to catch Him in His words gave Him little disturbance. He could answer them and turn the opportunity into an everlasting lesson. And even that they should compass His death was a small thing in comparison with the guilt of the Pharisees. As the Assyrian was once the rod of God’s anger, so the Sadducee worked out the will of God in the death of His Son. The Son of Man went as it was written of Him, and although no doubt the woe unto that man by whom He was put to death rests upon them, yet the sin of the death of Christ is

not to be compared with the sin of thwarting the gospel.

It is not easy for a Jew to understand this. And so it is not surprising that Mr. Jacob MANN, of the Jews’ College, London, writing in the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, should express his astonishment that while the chief priests ‘were greatly opposed to Jesus and took a prominent part in his trial,’ yet ‘the priests as a class are very seldom mentioned in the sayings attributed to Jesus.’ Mr. MANN’s conclusion is that the priests are mentioned, or at least referred to oftener than we have supposed.

He thinks that they are referred to in the story of the poor widow who cast two mites into the Treasury. For it is well known that the priests despised the insignificant gifts of the poor and spoke contemptuously of the value of a pigeon or a meal offering. There are some Rabbinic parallels to the story. Commenting on Lev. 21, Rabbi ISAAC says, ‘Why is the “soul” mentioned in connexion with a meal-offering?’ His answer is: ‘Who brings such a sacrifice? A poor man. I [that is, God] account it to him as if he sacrificed his soul before Me.’ There is elsewhere an anonymous story of a woman who once brought as a sacrifice a handful of flour. ‘The priest abused her, saying, “Look what these women offer up! What remains there for eating and what for sacrificing?” The following night this priest had a vision in a dream, enjoining him not to despise such an offering, because it is regarded as if the woman had offered up her life.’

But the strongest example offered by Mr. MANN is the Parable of the Good Samaritan. He holds that the lawyer to whom that parable was spoken was not a lawyer of the Pharisees, but a lawyer of the Sadducees.

For there is no reference to a Pharisee in the parable. The men who passed by on the other side were a priest and a levite. And only a priest

or a levite would have done it. They did it because they must not be defiled. Looking hurriedly at the man who had been left half-dead, they concluded that he was wholly dead. Now the priest dare not touch a dead body by reason of the prohibition in Lev. 21¹, while the levite had to keep himself clean for the service of the Temple.

With the Pharisees it was all the other way. It was one of the first duties of a Pharisee not to let any one lie unburied. When the Sadducees demanded where they found this duty enjoined on a priest, they answered by saying, rather helplessly, that the prohibition in Leviticus excluded the case of a body found accidentally by the wayside. The duty became a standing contention between them. It seems therefore to Mr. MANN simply impossible that Jesus could have been reading a lesson to the Pharisees in this parable. It was the Sadducees that needed it, and it was the Sadducees that got it.

Well, it is something to find an earnest scholarly Jew studying the Gospels so carefully. And it is something to hear him say that the details of this parable exactly agree with all that we know from Jewish sources of the place and circumstances. 'From Taanit 27a we learn that Jericho was largely inhabited by priests. That Jericho and its neighbourhood had sycamore-trees (Luke 19. 4) is also corroborated by Pesachim 4. 9, where we are told that the people of Jericho used to engraft their sycamore-trees during the whole eve of the Passover, even in the time of the day when in Jerusalem the Passover lambs were just sacrificed in the Temple.'

Is the morality of a man one thing and the morality of a nation another? We know that Treitschke thought so. And we know the consequences. But it is a common belief among ourselves.

The heroine of a recent and very popular novel

hears of a rare flower in a Dutch garden. She resolves to steal it. Not for herself. She would scorn to do such a thing. For her family, to pay a debt of honour contracted by her father. She goes to Holland, lives with the family owning the bulb, sees it, and refuses to steal it. Why? Because she had begun to take an interest in the Dutch family. Yet, immediately after, the same well-born Englishwoman steals a national secret from the Dutch, and has never a qualm of conscience.

Is it not obvious that if she had come to know the Dutch nation as well as she knew the Dutch family she would have been as unable to steal the explosive as she was unable to steal the flower? But the whole question is not answered by that example. The question that demands an answer is not what an individual should do, but what one nation should do to another nation.

That question is taken up by Mr. A. C. BRADLEY. There is a volume of lectures, delivered at Bedford College for Women in February and March 1915, and afterwards published under the title of *The International Crisis in its Ethical and Psychological Aspects* (Oxford University Press). In that volume (which has already been noticed) there is an essay by Mr. BRADLEY on 'International Morality.' There are differences, says Mr. BRADLEY, between the duty of a State and the duty of an individual. And he lays stress on two in particular.

The first difference is that the individual is governed by the customs, public opinion, or laws of the country in which he lives. When he transgresses he is called to account, and, if necessary, he is forcibly prevented from transgressing further. There is no law superior to the nation. If the nation transgresses—what does it transgress? the terms of the Hague Convention, the Treaty of Paris, the Declaration of London? If it transgresses any or all of these, who is to call it to account? And if it persists in transgressing, who is to prevent it? There is nothing to be done,

thinks Mr. BRADLEY, but for the nations to go to war.

The other difference is that the individual may allow his interests to suffer, but the State, acting as trustee for the people, cannot allow the interests of the nation to suffer. As an individual you are ready to shorten your life for some worthy object, or even to throw it away for the life of another. 'Asked to justify your conduct, you might answer perhaps that your life is but one of forty million English lives, that what you lose others gain, and that there are plenty to take your place. But England, your State, *is* forty million lives. For it to surrender *its* interest, to make itself poor, weak, or maimed, is to do that to forty millions, many of them children. How then can it have the same duty that you have; and how can its normal primary duty help being its duty to itself?' It is obvious that the nation as a nation cannot always do that which an individual may do. And if we regard the State or government as the trustee of the nation, it is equally obvious that it has not the freedom to do with the affairs of the nation that which a member of the government may do with his own.

Those are Mr. BRADLEY's differences between the individual and the State. In an article in *The Calcutta Review* for the current quarter, Dr. G. F. BARBOUR looks into them. He is very tender towards Mr. BRADLEY. He goes with him all the way that he can go. When he parts from him he parts with respectful sorrow. But he parts from him.

In the first place, he recalls this most momentous fact, that the obligations of one nation towards another do not begin with the Hague Convention or any other human agreement. There is a law for nations beyond the nations themselves, older in time, greater in majesty. That eternal law of righteousness, on which the Universe is hung, is the real international arbiter. And it uses force. The nation that transgresses may continue its

transgression for a time. So may the individual malefactor. But sooner or later the law of righteousness catches up with it and lays it by the heels.

In this respect, therefore, the nation and the individual do not really differ. The individual may be caught sooner, but the nation will be caught. The individual may do incomparably less mischief before he is laid low, but when the nation's chastisement comes it is incomparably more awful and more enduring. The German nation, in the hands of its military authorities, has done great harm to Belgium and to Serbia. On the 23rd day of February 1916, Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons spoke of it, and said: 'We shall never sheathe the sword which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium—I will now add Serbia (loud cheers)—recovers in full measure all, and more than all, that she has sacrificed; until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression; until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed on an unassailable foundation; and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed (cheers).'

Why did the House of Commons receive that declaration with cheers? There lay at the back of these cheers the fervid assurance that the wrong done by one nation to another will not go unpunished. And the assurance rested fundamentally on the universal and divine law of righteousness.

The other difference which Mr. BRADLEY finds between the individual and the nation is the difference between a private person and a trustee. Now it is evident that this difference is a real one. It may be true that a man cannot always do what he will with his own. It is also true that he can do a great deal more with his own than he can with that of another. But the question is, Does this difference involve a difference in morality? Dr. BARBOUR brings it to the test in three par-

ticulars. The particulars are Truthfulness, Generosity, and Self-sacrifice.

The first is Truthfulness. There is a Christian precept, a mere *obiter dictum*, you should say, of one of the Christian apostles, that we are to speak the truth in love. The addition 'in love' is peculiarly Christian. The obligation to speak the truth is universal. Does it lie on the conscience of the individual only? Does it not also lie on the conscience of the State or government? The diplomatist says No. And his historian acquits him. At a critical moment in the struggle for Italian unity, Cavour agreed to surrender Savoy and Nice to Napoleon. But he dared not tell his nation so. He dared not tell the British statesmen, Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, who were working in the interests of Italian unity at considerable personal and national sacrifice. He denied that any such agreement was in contemplation. Yet his biographer, William Roscoe THAYER, a disinterested American citizen, defends his conduct. Would Cavour have lied in his own interest? Mr. THAYER does not believe that he would. As trustee for the Kingdom of Piedmont he lied again and again, and is acquitted. 'The duty of maintaining a false face towards his English supporters wrung Cavour's heart. To confide to them, however, meant to lose Emilia and Tuscany; because Napoleon would not have consented to their annexation unless he were to be compensated elsewhere; and if the English government had known in January what every one knew in March, it might have conjured up a coalition against which Napoleon would not have dared to move.'

What does Dr. BARBOUR say to that? He does not say that the duty of the individual and the duty of the State are identical. Yet he does not admit that the State should ever be compelled to lie. He does not admit that there is one code of morality for the individual, and another for the State. If the government is trustee for the nation, that is a greater obligation than the obliga-

tion of a private individual. The government ought therefore to be more careful in entering into obligations.

He takes the case of a treaty. Treitschke says that all international treaties are signed with the stipulation: *rebus sic stantibus*. A State cannot bind its will for the future with respect to another State. It therefore concludes all treaties with that silent reservation. Does Dr. BARBOUR agree? Who could agree, with the glaring horror of Belgium staring him in the face? It might be answered that things never do remain as they are. Upon which Treitschke would shrug his shoulders and say, Quite so: a treaty therefore will be observed only if it is convenient for the State to observe it.

Dr. BARBOUR offers this example. Great Britain repeatedly gave the assurance that her occupation of Egypt was only a temporary expedient. 'At first the undertaking to depart when order had been established was doubtless sincerely given; yet it was a convenient and politic declaration at the time, and it was renewed after it must have been quite apparent that both our imperial interest and our moral responsibility for the good government of Egypt itself made an early evacuation well-nigh impossible. Finally, in 1904, the British and French Governments in the first "public articles" of their Convention stated that they had "no intention of altering the political status" of Egypt and Morocco respectively; but in the first "secret article" of the same treaty they proceeded to arrange on what terms changes should be made "in the event of either Government finding itself constrained, by the force of circumstance, to modify the policy in respect to Egypt or Morocco."'

Dr. BARBOUR might have gone to Germany for an example, but that example is better. It is better for us. What is the lesson of it? The lesson is that the greater our responsibility for fulfilling an obligation the more careful must we be in entering into it. 'This undertaking about Egypt,' says

Dr. BARBOUR, 'which originally was only at the worst somewhat rashly entered into, led in the course of twenty years to something not unlike deliberate evasion.'

The second test to which Dr. BARBOUR brings the question of national morality is more difficult. It is the test of Generosity.

By generosity he does not mean simply the giving of gifts. The word may cover that. A nation may, through its government, send assistance to another nation in distress, as after an earthquake or in a famine. But such assistance is usually rendered either privately or by public subscription. As a rare and daring act of generosity a government may even cede certain territory to another State. One of the most familiar examples is the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece by Mr. Gladstone. But it is evident that acts of generosity such as these can be done only when the State is strongly convinced of the justice as distinct from the generosity of its action.

By generosity here Dr. BARBOUR means willingness to go to the help of another nation that is oppressed. Did not the Emperor of the French do this when he made war on Austria on behalf of Victor Emmanuel and the liberation of the Italians? It may at least be argued that he did. Had he the right to do it? *He* had the right, because he was an autocrat, and in doing it he risked his own reputation and throne. He was not, properly speaking, a trustee for the nation. When he saw the dead lie out on the fields of Magenta and Solferino, he was deeply distressed, but he was not troubled about the rightness or wrongness of his action.

With a democratic government it is otherwise. A democratic government cannot make free with the persons or property of the nation, whatever may be the necessity. But the nation may declare its approval. Then there is no difference between the action of the State and the action of the individual. 'Nor is there any nobler rôle possible in

our modern world than that of the leader of a free people, who sets before them two paths and persuades them to tread the higher even if it leads to the sacrifice of some material gain.'

The third test is Self-sacrifice. It is the most difficult of all. No doubt generosity, in all its higher reaches, involves sacrifice. 'But national self-sacrifice is the last virtue which we could look for on the theory that the primary and dominant object of government is the well-being of the governed. Yet there is a sense in which sacrifice is the soul of all virtue. If fidelity to one's word, or justice, or generosity, do not involve some element of self-abnegation or personal loss, we say in ordinary speech that there is "no virtue" in them. Even duty would lose its characteristic meaning if it could always, or generally, be performed without loss or pain. So those who seek to rule out sacrifice from the roll of national virtues cut deep into the very conception of national morality. If veracity and generosity are duties, and if there is merit in fulfilling them, that merit must be won at some cost of sacrifice.'

Is there an example? Who will ask the question? 'Not the least remarkable thing in the action of Belgium in August 1914 was the swiftness—nay, the immediacy—of the resolve to resist at all costs. Kant has a far-reaching distinction between the "hypothetical imperative" of prudence, which depends on some deliberately chosen object of pursuit or maxim of interest, and the "categorical imperative" of duty, which suffers no deliberation and can be evaded only by the betrayal of that which is highest in our nature. That there is a "categorical imperative" in the life of nations, and that it overrides all the ordinary maxims of prudent statesmanship, was never more clearly shown than by King Albert and his advisers in those fateful hours. They knew that they were trustees for their country; but, faced with two conceptions of trusteeship—that of material interest and that of freedom and honour—they unhesitatingly chose the latter.'

The Denials of Peter.

BY SIR W. M. RAMSAY, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D., D.D., EDINBURGH.

THE paper on 'Her that kept the Door'¹ in the February number of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES by Lady Ramsay—which I may perhaps venture to call very interesting—suggests some further considerations with regard to the various narratives of the incident in question, which appear in the four Gospels. How many diverse original accounts by first-hand authorities lie behind the four narratives that are in our possession? What is the cause, and what the weight of the differences in respect of some details between these four narratives? These are important questions, and in attempting to answer them we shall find the proof that our knowledge of this incident rests on the highest plane of historical certainty.

The story is one of the most striking in the Gospels. It was certainly current in Christian circles from the day that the incident happened: about this there can be no doubt. Like all stories that are widely current in society, it was told in various forms differing a little in details; but the same moral and spiritual truth shines through all. This is characteristic of the East: the facts are secondary, the moral is of primary importance: the story lives for and through its spiritual quality. We of the West, however, while not neglecting the moral and spiritual, are also deeply interested in the details, partly for their own sake, partly because the discord in respect of the details has been held to throw discredit on this story and on the Gospels generally. The argument has taken the form that, if even in so simple a story as this discrepancies crept in, what shall we think about the Gospels as a whole?

A careful examination of the four narratives confirms their perfect trustworthiness, and explains the origin of the slight discord in respect of certain details. Moreover, it throws some light on the condition and the degree of knowledge that prevailed in the early Church in Judæa. It opens a page in history to us, not

indeed completely, but in a certain degree. There is no case known to me in all literature where a story so impresses its perfect truth on the attentive reader through the study and comparison of the different witnesses. There are, in most part of it, three traditions—that of John, that of Luke improving on Mark, and that of Mark and Matthew.

In the account given by John we have a narrative written by an eye-witness—perhaps in deference to the disciples of culture it would be polite to say, one who claims to be an eye-witness. That is not the case with any of the Synoptists. None of them saw or claim to have seen. Luke, who formally speaks of his authorities, claims to have heard from eye-witnesses. So doubtless would the others. We shall, however, take the narrative given in each of the four Gospels as it stands and investigate how far it justifies itself as a reasonable account of the action, not condemning beforehand any of the narratives, but bringing an open mind to bear on them. In order to understand the story of the denials of Peter, we must take it in its surroundings.

I. THE ARREST OF JESUS.

Very early on the morning of March 18th, A.D. 29,² probably about two to three o'clock, when Jesus was still in the Garden of Gethsemane across the brook Kedron, there approached a company conspicuous in the rather dark night by reason of the gleaming, flickering lanterns and torches (which evidently left a lasting impression on the mind of John). They heralded to him the beginning of the most dread experience of his whole life. As the lights approached, the company turned out to be the cohort of Roman soldiers which was stationed in Jerusalem, together with a number of servants sent by the chief priests and the Pharisees. As the chief priests were practically all Sadducees, we have here a temporary union of the two great parties in the Jewish State, which

¹ The word 'gate' will be used in the sequel in preference to 'door,' in order to keep clear in every reader's mind that what is meant is not the house door, but an outer gate admitting into a large precinct containing a courtyard as well as house.

² On this point I accept the chronology of Mr. C. H. Turner: see Hastings' *D.B.*, art. 'Chronology of the New Testament.'

generally took opposite sides on almost all public questions.¹

The disproportion between the numbers of the assailants and the friends of Jesus is almost ludicrous, and must have seemed so to the Roman Tribune, who had brought out the cohort² which he commanded under the impression evidently that an insurrection, which might become serious, ought to be met strongly in its early stage. Along with him there were, as Luke mentions, the chief priests and captains of the temple guard and elders; we can hardly suppose that this implies more than a proportion of the chief priests; and it indicates the anxiety of the Jewish chiefs in the present situation that any of them thought it necessary to come out at this hour. The presence of the Roman Tribune would require that the leaders of the Jewish people should also be represented: we can hardly imagine that a Roman cohort and a Tribune would go out at the suggestion of the Jewish chiefs, unless the latter showed by their presence that they considered the matter to be one of real importance. It is evident, from the narrative of the preceding events in all the Gospels, that nothing had occurred recently to justify any special anxiety in the mind of the Roman officials about the peace of Jerusalem. Their action was stimulated by the urgency of the Jewish leaders (in this case evidently of both parties, Pharisees and Sadducees), who warned them that a dangerous insurrection was going to break out, but that it might be most easily checked, if the Romans would consent to act at once. The Romans were always anxious about the peace of this stubborn people, whom they never understood; and the Tribune was guided by Jewish advice.

Of the incidents of this night and of this arrest, one of the most striking is the method of betrayal of Jesus. One of His twelve followers had agreed to guide the soldiers and the Jewish leaders to the place where Jesus was likely to be found.³ Judas knew the ways of Jesus and His custom of going at night to the Mount of Olives: he either guessed or

had some reason, not recorded in the Gospels, for knowing with certainty that the Lord would be in the olive orchard of Gethsemane; and, expecting to find Jesus and the eleven all together, he had arranged that he would show the one man of whom the Jews were in dread, by saluting Him with a kiss. Matthew and Mark both mention that 'Judas kissed his Lord.' John does not mention the incident; and the only allusion that he makes to the action of Judas is to say that 'Judas which betrayed him was standing with them.' The word 'them' must mean the leaders of the assailants, for it is obvious that Jesus did not speak vaguely to such a large company, but directed His opening words, 'Whom seek ye?' to the persons that He judged to be the leaders. With these leaders Judas was standing. It is unlikely that a person of humble rank like Judas would be permitted to stand close to the Tribune and chief priests, unless his presence was necessary for some urgent purpose. In the dark night his action could not be clearly seen unless he were close. But for one reason or another John shrinks from telling about the kiss, and he rather implies that Jesus gave Himself up, saying, 'I am he whom ye seek,' when they had told Him that they were seeking Jesus of Nazareth.

There is here a slight discrepancy, so small that it need hardly be taken into account, but it is an interesting point that the narrative of Luke takes an intermediate position between the two types of story. According to Luke, Judas came near Jesus to kiss Him, but Jesus said unto him, 'Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?' Luke almost implies that the kiss never was actually given: Jesus could not permit His person to be soiled even now. But, on the other hand, it is equally clear that Judas came so close to Him that his intention was evident to all who stood around, and the disciples generally thought that the kiss was actually given.⁴ There are two possible interpretations of the authorities: either the kiss was accomplished, and John, with the tradition transmitted by Luke, shrunk from sullyng the page with it; or it was rejected at the last moment by

was in the habit, during His visits to Jerusalem, of retiring at night to the Mount of Olives, must have had His talk with Nicodemus there; and that the reference to the wind was natural when they were in the open air with the wind blowing round them.

⁴ Presumably, they all gathered together close to Jesus after He had awakened them.

¹ Even when they patched up a brief agreement, it was easy to stir dissension between them, as Paul did (Ac 22).

² John speaks of 'the cohort,' and this need not be whittled down to a few soldiers (as is often done by modern commentators). The Tribune would not go out in person, unless considerable force was employed.

³ It is argued in a little book called the *Education of Christ* by the present writer, page 74 f., that Jesus, who

the Lord, though Judas approached so close that his intention was evident to all, and was generally believed to be accomplished.

The kiss exchanged between friends meeting at the present day in Turkey (as I have seen it) does not take the form of osculation: the parties put their arms round each other, one arm over and one under the shoulder, and thus each looks over the shoulder of the other; then they reverse the arms, and each looks over the other shoulder of his friend: the mouth plays no part in the process, and even the cheeks hardly touch. If this was the form of the kiss of Judas, there could be no mistake about whether such a 'kiss' had been accomplished or not, so far as Judas was concerned. He threw his arms round his Master. But it by no means follows that Jesus responded with an embrace. Luke expressly says that He did not, but that He rebuked Judas for his treachery, in words which (we can well believe) made Judas shrink away in shame. Thus all the four accounts are justified: the kiss was given, and yet it was not completed.

Another point may also be noticed. In the kiss, as now practised, the person who throws his arms round the other can keep him safe and prevent him escaping or resisting. Perhaps this was part of the plan. The Jewish leaders had arranged that this 'dangerous criminal,' as they would call Him when inviting the co-operation of the Roman officers, should be seized and held fast by the betrayer, who would in this way at once indicate and secure Him. This part of the plan at least was foiled, as we see from Luke and infer from the silence of John, as interpreted through Luke's account. It is implied that Judas shrunk away ashamed.

Three distinct authorities at least are evidently concerned in this part of the story—(1) John; (2) the authority to whom Mark (followed by Matthew) goes back; (3) the authorities by whom Luke corrected and completed Mark's account (which he had before him). Luke's narrative is here excellent; he tells the story from the mouth of a man who had seen everything, and he enables us to see that John is entirely in agreement with Mark.

It appeared at first that there was some prospect of resistance. The eleven followers of Jesus stood their ground, until the other party approached so close that Peter was able to strike off the ear

of the slave of the high priest. In the light of the lamps and torches the features of Peter were illumined; and two or three hours later he was recognized by a bystander, a kinsman of the slave whom he had struck.

Stress must be laid on the phrase, 'the slave'; the definite article is used to denote the personal attendant of the high priest (*i.e.* Annas, as we learn later). Such an immediate body-servant (a slave always) was, as a rule, in close attendance on every respectable citizen. As he must have been close to his master, Peter evidently struck at the leaders, and nearly wounded Annas himself.

Jesus, however, forbade all resistance. Then a sudden panic seized the disciples, and they all turned and fled, leaving Jesus alone with His enemies. Such panic is not uncommon among raw soldiers at their first engagement, who afterwards turn out staunch and brave. In the case of the Eleven it took just fifty days to change them from runaways into soldiers of unsurpassed courage.

We learn explicitly from the Synoptists that the command to offer no resistance was made to the whole body of the disciples. In the narrative of John (see 18¹¹) the order not to resist is given to Peter alone; but as Peter had made himself the most prominent in offering resistance, it was natural that any prohibition should be addressed specially to him, though it was obviously of general import, and was so understood by the whole body.

John in v.³ implies that the night was dark, so that lanterns and torches were necessary. We ask how this is to be reconciled with the fact that it was the night before the full moon. Unless the moon had already set (though there was still a considerable part of the night remaining), the weather evidently must have been dark and stormy, so that a thick pall of clouds obscured the moon. This fact, if it be correctly conjectured, would throw an interesting light on the statement of the Synoptists that on this same day there was darkness [like that] of an eclipse from noon till 3 p.m.¹

¹ The statement of hours given in the Synoptists is not so reliable as that of John. As has been pointed out by others and by the present writer in an article in *Hastings' Dict. Bib.* v. p. 476 ff., the ancients possessed no reliable means of estimating the lapse of time, and slight differences in the estimate and memory of time of day is natural and inevitable. Such differences are as old as the events. If each of the Eleven that was present at the Crucifixion had written an independent account the same evening, such variations

Luke actually calls this phenomenon an eclipse, but astronomical reasons show that this cannot be literally correct. Probably he had not caught exactly an expression used in the oral tradition which he heard at Jerusalem, that the darkness was 'like an eclipse.' It is unusual, and has often been thought miraculous, that there should be such darkness occurring in the sunny land of Syria at noon, but this was the month of March, and stormy weather usually occurs in some part of that month.¹ For example, in the middle of March 1899 we were detained at Beyrout for two or three days, because a great fall of snow had stopped the trains; and when we were able to travel to Damascus, the walls of snow on each side of the cutting were higher than the tops of the railway carriages.

Darkness like this I cannot give any example of in Asia Minor or Palestine, though I have seen it farther north; but during the thirty-five years that I have known the character of Western Asia, I have been familiar with accidents of weather which were unique in the experience of all the inhabitants, even the oldest. Freaks in the way of storm occur to a degree that is beforehand pronounced by the oldest inhabitants impossible in this climate. For example, in the winter of 1879-1880, all the orange trees at Smyrna were killed by frost. No such event, I think, has occurred since, or was known to any resident there. It was fixed in my memory by the fact that we, arriving in 1880, were often told that we should not see the beautiful gardens at their best, as it would be years before the trees, which were all cut down to the ground, would grow up.

Again, in January 1911, there occurred a blizzard in Constantinople which might fairly be compared with some of the worst that occur in New York. But one might live in Constantinople for fifty years and never see another so severe. Once more, in the spring of 1907, the winter lasted so late that the loss of the vast flocks of sheep and goats which pasture on the great Anatolian plains was extraordinarily severe. Estimates given to us of the total number of deaths varied between 60

would appear among them. The day, as we know, was dark, and the usual means of guessing noonday, namely, the position of the sun, was not available.

¹ Jerusalem at the Temple platform is 2460 feet above sea-level, and at that altitude very severe storms may occasionally occur.

and 80 per cent. It must be confessed the Turks are not very accurate as arithmeticians, but the men who gave these estimates had to live by the number of their flocks, and whatever be the exact percentage, we can vouch for one thing: neither before nor since that year have we ever seen in Asia Minor a dead stork. But as we were going up in the train towards Iconium, Lady Ramsay pointed them out to me by fives and tens here and there, expressing her astonishment. They had come as usual, and found that the country was covered with snow for many weeks after their arrival, so that they gradually perished in numbers for want of food.

The mere fact that this darkness is quite unusual and exceptional does not necessarily prove it to be miraculous. There must always be some storm which is the worst on record. And I see no reason to think that when Deborah sang 'The stars in their courses fought against Sisera,' she was implying that anything miraculous had occurred in the heavens on the occasion of his death, but she had an idea in her mind of Divine power working in harmony with nature.² The impression made by the whole narrative is that the night and the day were dark, and that the darkness became exceptionally dense about mid-day (as described by the Synoptists). John does not mention the latter fact, but he shows that the night remained in his memory as dark, lit up only at the terrible moment by the gleam of torches and lamps. In mid-March such a storm is more likely to occur than in early April, at which date the Passover fell in 30 and 33 A.D. This affords incidentally some confirmation of Mr. Turner's chronology.

Residents in the country will tell you that such great storms never occur; and then one does occur. People are prone to assert that phenomena which they have never seen are impossible. You may live fifty years in a country, and gather up the experience of the preceding generation, and then the incredible happens. Such an exceptional and yet not abnormal event happened on the day of the Crucifixion. But is it not part of the universal plan and harmony of nature?³

The contrast between the small party on one side and the great number on the other must be

² See *Bearing of Research on the Trustworthiness of the New Testament*, p. 301.

³ *Ibid.*

kept in mind by those who wish to understand the impression made on John's mind by this scene in the dark night with the flaring lights.¹ It is quite intelligible that slightly different conceptions should be gathered by those even who were standing quite close to Jesus. In fact, it would be hardly possible that absolutely honest witnesses should give exactly the same account of such circumstances. The conclusion of the scene is, I think, not quite correctly expressed, either in the Authorized or in the Revised Version, or in any of the commentators whom I have seen. There is, I think, a distinct intention in Mt 26 to draw the contrast between one party and the other. The Eleven left Jesus alone and fled, while the others led Him away to be judged by Caiaphas. These two sentences complete the picture, and it is wrong to make the second the beginning of a new paragraph.

John says that Jesus was fettered before He was led away; and there can be no doubt that he is right. Prisoners were usually bound at arrest by Roman custom, for the guards were responsible with their life for the safe custody of the person arrested. The Synoptists do not mention the fettering; but the omission of such a slight detail does not constitute a discrepancy. One narrative completes the others. The matter would not deserve note, were it not that it plays a part later in the action.

John alone mentions that Roman soldiers arrested Jesus, and Luke alone states that Jewish leaders were present at the scene. The other Synoptists mention only that Judas brought a multitude armed with swords and clubs, who came at the orders of the chief priests and scribes and elders.² John and Luke go more into detail, and show the true nature of the act; but the others contribute something to the picture. All the details that are mentioned fit in with one another; there is no discrepancy, and yet each writer has selected different facts to record.³ John mentions the most important points, and Luke's account is here next in excellence; but John alone has anything that suggests the eye-witness. All four lay

great stress on the presence of Judas with the leaders of the multitude: from the Synoptists⁴ one might at first gather that Judas was the only leader of the multitude; but Luke incidentally mentions afterwards the presence of the Jewish chiefs.

The multitude whom Judas led, armed with swords and clubs, consisted of—(1) Roman soldiers led by the commanding officer of the cohort in person; (2) part of the Levite guard of the Temple led by their proper officers; these must have been sent by Caiaphas as the legal high priest, and Matthew mentions the occasion in 26⁸; Annas, the titular high priest, was actually present (as we have seen), but it was unseemly (see section III.) for Caiaphas to take part, as he was about to act as judge; (3) the house-slaves and servants of the chief priests and elders generally; among them were at least two slaves of Annas.

Evidently the Roman cohort did not go all the way in charge of this prisoner. The soldiers had been wanted to cope with possible resistance; the chief priests and leaders were afraid lest the people might take the part of Jesus; but, when the midnight arrest was successfully effected, there was no further need of the soldiers, and the prisoner was put into the hands of the Jews to be examined before the High Council, and treated as it should determine. The soldiers were marched back to their barracks in the castle Antonia, while the Jews were left to keep guard over Jesus. The fact that the cohort was not present at these proceedings in Jerusalem, and that soldiers do not reappear until Pilate the Roman Procurator appears on the scene, probably formed the reason that their action at the arrest was forgotten in the general tradition, and recorded only by John, the eye-witness who had seen them.

The Tribune must have made his report to Pilate. This may be assumed as certain, and it must have had some effect on his mind. He personally had heard nothing of any dangerous movement, and the officer who arrested the supposed leader could only report that the whole story seemed to be a fiction flatly contradicting the facts. We understand, therefore, why Pilate three times⁵ declared positively that Jesus was innocent.

It must be added in the interest of accuracy that commentators and writers on the New Testament

¹ The lamps or lanterns were, of course, small; but a number of small lamps and torches make a great effect.

² So Mark: Matthew omits the scribes.

³ Matthew is almost identical with Mark: Luke states some different and important facts in addition to Mark (whom he knows).

⁴ See the preceding note.

⁵ So Luke alone: John mentions two acquittals: the others one.

frequently make wrong statements about the cohort which John mentions. They speak of it as a cohort of a legion. If that were so, John would be guilty of a gross inaccuracy; there were no legionary troops in Jerusalem. The nearest point to Jerusalem where a legion was ever stationed was Caparcotnæ, amid the hills over the southern edge of the Plain of Megiddo.¹ A legion might be familiar in the north of Palestine and east of the Jordan (as is seen in the story of the swine); but a legion or a cohort of a legion in Jerusalem was impossible. This cohort was an auxiliary cohort, an independent regiment, not a part of a legion, raised and recruited among some conquered people (such as Ituraei, Brittones, Batavi, etc.), and containing in its rank no Roman citizens. In a legion all the soldiers were *cives Romani*. There was one auxiliary cohort stationed at Jerusalem in the castle Antonia, guarding the Temple. It contained cavalry (Ac 22) and (as Schürer infers acutely and with great probability)² it was there-

fore *miliaria equitata*;³ but its name is not known.

I have sometimes wondered whether the στρατηγοὶ τοῦ ἱεροῦ (Lk 26) might not be the officers of the cohort stationed in the castle. From the castle steps led down to the Temple platform, and the cohort guarded the Temple. But this interpretation cannot be supported, and the agreement which it would establish with John is not to be maintained.

The first of the disciples to recover from the panic which had caused their flight were Peter and John. Peter followed at a distance, desirous of seeing what would happen to the Lord. The distance, according to John, was not great, for these two disciples accompanied Jesus. In the dark morning followers would lose sight of the company, unless they were fairly near: the lights were in front. John reached the house of Annas almost at the moment when the whole party arrived there, and entered with it. Peter was excluded till John observed his absence and went back to introduce him.

¹ This is not in Schürer, *Gesch. d. Iud. Volkes*, etc. I mention this merely to caution the disciples of culture not to quote him in disproof of my statement. It is a more recent discovery than Schürer's excellent work.

² It is rather odd that Schürer, who had such contempt

for the credibility of Luke should quote him as sufficient authority when it comes to a matter of hard fact (*Gesch. i. p. 387*, 2nd ed.).

³ Schürer has not, however, seen that it must have been *miliaria*, only that it was *equitata*.

Literature.

FORERUNNERS AND RIVALS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Forerunners and Rivals of Christianity is the title which has been given by Mr. F. Legge, F.S.A., to his *Studies in Religious History from 330 B.C. to 330 A.D.* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 2 vols., 25s. net). What is the author's purpose?

'The following pages,' he says, 'are a modest attempt to bring before the public certain documents of great importance for the understanding of the growth and development of the Christian religion. They are not new, almost all of them having been translated at one time or another into English, French, German, or Italian; but they are all practically unknown save to scholars, are all fragmentary, and with hardly an exception, are difficult to understand without a running com-

mentary. In these circumstances, I have ventured to follow, not for the first time, the advice given by Sir Gaston Maspero to his pupils in one of his luminous lectures at the Collège de France. "If," said in effect that great master of archaeology, "you find yourselves in the presence of scattered and diverse examples of any monument you cannot understand—funerary cones, amulets of unusual form, hypocephali, or anything else—make a collection of them. Search museums, journals of Egyptology, proceedings of learned societies, until you think they have no more novelties of the kind to offer you. Then put those you have collected side by side and study them. The features they have in common will then readily appear and in a little time you will find that you will perceive not only the use of the objects in question, but also the history of their development, their connexion with each other, and their

relative dates." This has been the end aimed at in this book.'

It required a clear and scientific method such as this, as well as much perseverance, to do what Mr. Legge has done. For after an introduction in which he takes a survey of the land to be possessed, he describes the conquests of Alexander, the Alexandrian gods, the origin of Gnosticism, and then in three chapters the Pre-Christian Gnostics—the Orphici, the Essenes, and Simon Magus. In the second volume he passes to the Post-Christian Gnostics and gives a triumphantly lucid account of the Ophites and of Valentinus. These first three chapters of the second volume (7, 8, and 9 of the whole work) are the test of the author's ability, and they stand it. After a course of Gnostic exposition, even at the hands of the masters, one can say of this that it is a marvel of clearness. The last chapters are on the Pistis Sophia and its Related Texts, Marcion, the Worship of Mithras, and the Manichaeans. An index of sixty-four pages brings a great book to a great conclusion.

One word of criticism. With all the literature which Mr. Legge has read he appears not to have read the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*. In that work he would have found articles more recent and more authoritative on some of his subjects than anything that he has used.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

'Everybody loves Catherine Benincasa because she was always and everywhere a woman in every fibre of her being.' So begins Fr. T. M. Schwertner his preface to a new life of *Saint Catherine of Siena*, by the Rev. C. M. Antony, of the Third Order of Penance of St. Dominic (Burns & Oates; 6s. net). 'Catherine of Siena,' says Fr. Schwertner, 'lives to-day in the minds and hearts of all true Christians because she took the Master at His word when He bade her be perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect. And because she accepted the Gospel standards of spiritual living she early reached the high tablelands where the Good Shepherd feeds His sheep on the rich pastures of contemplation: In accepting the Scriptures as her life's *vade mecum* she had humility and common sense enough to know that certain details of action and behaviour in the God-Man's life are only to serve as ideals. Hence she

wisely followed the spirit of the Gospel in those things that show forth the Divine mission of the Saviour. But just because she caught the spirit of the Gospel she was able to maintain a sane attitude and adopt a sensible course of action in her manifold works for individuals, the Tuscan cities and the Church.'

In undertaking a new biography, Mr. Antony is aware of the difficulty of his task. It would have been difficult if no biography had been written; it is ever so much more difficult since two biographies have been written, one by Mr. Edmund Gardner, and one by Mother Francis Raphael Drane, each admirable and together covering all aspects of the saint's character and life. But he has persevered with his purpose. For he writes that the multitude may read. He writes succinctly and omits needless names and incidents. He writes in language that is neither technically 'religious' nor unintelligibly old. It is in accordance with the popular purpose of the book that the illustrations are good and numerous.

Mr. Antony's attitude to the miracles is believing enough but not utterly credulous. 'It has been said that at Rocca d'Orcia St. Catherine learnt miraculously to write. Fra Tommaso Caffarini tells us that one day, finding a pot of cinnabar—the red paint used by mediæval artists to illuminate capital letters—Catherine took up the brush which lay upon it, and began forming characters upon a sheet of paper, which presently took the form of a wonderful prayer to God the Holy Ghost.' This miracle has been vigorously disproved by Père Hurtaud, who in 1912 edited the *Dialogue* of St. Catherine. Mr. Antony discusses the evidence, and concludes: 'The Saint is glorified by so many miracles that it is well to weigh the evidence against this doubtful one.' Wise man!

PURITANISM.

The Second Parte of a Register, being a Calendar of Manuscripts under that title intended for publication by the Puritans about 1593, and now in Dr. Williams's Library, London; edited by Albert Peel, M.A., Litt. D. (Leeds), B. Litt. (Oxon.), Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, late History Research Scholar of the University of Leeds; with a Preface by C. H. Firth, LL.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford; in two volumes (Cambridge: At the University

Press; 21s. net). Such is the title-page. What does it mean? Let Dr. Firth tell. 'Elizabethan Puritanism has attracted many investigators in recent years. Mr. Burrage's *Early English Dissenters* and his works on Robert Browne, Mr. Usher's *Presbyterian Movement in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, Dr. Powicke's *Henry Barrow*, Mr. Pierce's *Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts*, are recent examples of the increasing interest in this subject. The collection of manuscripts calendared by Dr. Peel is a very useful and necessary addition to the materials already in print for the period. The manuscripts in question had been already utilized by older writers such as Neal and Brook but only partially employed, and somewhat uncritically and inaccurately dealt with. A calendar was the best way of making them accessible to students, for the cost of printing them all *in extenso* would have been prohibitive, and many of them were not of sufficient value to deserve reproduction at length. To provide a key to the whole collection by indicating the contents of each particular document, and to print in full the essential portions of those which were important were tasks requiring judgment as well as industry, and Dr. Peel has performed his work in a scholarly fashion.

'The documents calendared cover the period from 1570 to 1590. Amongst them are a number of projected bills and acts which show clearly the aims of the Puritan party. For instance, An Act for the reformation of the Ministerie in the Church of England, An Act for the restitution of Christian discipline in the Church of England (i. 304; ii. 1), and some others mostly drawn up about 1586 (ii. 4, 196, 198, 231, 232). Coupled with these are a number of supplications, requests, and petitions to the Queen, to Parliament, and to the Council (e.g. i. 75, 163; ii. 70, 208). These collective demands are reinforced by appeals from single persons or local groups, either of ministers or laymen. This great mass of evidence sets forth in detail, with an immense amount of repetition it is true, but with the greatest clearness, and fulness, what the Puritan party wanted to effect and what their grievances and complaints were. As Dr. Peel observes, this is "probably the most important collection of Puritan documents extant," and "while remembering that they are of an *ex parte* nature, and that it is impossible for the scientific historian to accept them indiscriminately, it is safe to say that no

accurate account of the ecclesiastical history of the years 1570-1590 can be written without consulting them."


It is not a book for review, but for record. To say what it contains is all that the student of ecclesiastical history requires.

AMENTET.

Mr. Alfred E. Knight has been known until recently as a botanist. He is now known as a moralist on the war, a poet, and an Egyptologist. So far as we are able to judge he is most as a botanist and least as a poet. His claim to be called an Egyptologist rests as yet on a volume containing an account of the gods, the sacred animals, the amulets and the scarabs of the Ancient Egyptians. To this volume he has given the name of *Amentet* (Longmans; 12s. 6d. net). It is an attractive quarto, bound in purple with a great number of illustrations in the text, a few plates, and a frontispiece in colour. And it is reliable.

That is the main thing. For even so handsome and ornamental a book as this could not be recommended unless it could be trusted to the last discovery. Mr. Knight must have spent many hours and days on this study; he knows best how he got it in together with all his other studies. He has used the available books freely, as he acknowledges, but he has done some thinking for himself, and much judicious condensing.

The gods and sacred animals and the amulets are given in alphabetical order. The list is probably a more complete one than any other book contains—at least the list of the amulets. The scarabs are gathered into groups according to dynasties. We shall quote the account of *Maat*, the cubit amulet.

'*MAAT*, or *Cubit Amulet*. This very rare amulet, which is not even mentioned in Professor Petrie's large work, is a model of the hieroglyphic which has the phonetic value *Maat*, , and which is believed by Budge to represent a sculptor's or carver's tool—probably a chisel. Others think that it may represent an instrument used for measuring purposes—indeed, as the measure of a cubit, whence the application of that name to the amulet. "About the meaning of the word *maat*," says Budge, "there is fortunately no difficulty, for from many passages in texts of all periods we learn that it indicated primarily 'that which is straight,'

and it was probably the name which was given to the instrument by which the work of the handicraftsman of every kind was kept straight. . . . The Egyptians used the word in a physical and a moral sense, and thus it came to mean, 'right, true, truth; real, genuine, upright, righteous, just, steadfast, unalterable,' etc.; *khesbet maat* is 'real lapis-lazuli' as opposed to blue paste; *shes maat* means 'ceaselessly and regularly'; *em un maat* indicates that a thing is really so; the man who is good and honest is *maat*; the truth (*maat*) is great and mighty and 'it hath never been broken since the time of Osiris'; finally, the exact equivalent of the English words, 'God will judge the right' is found in the Egyptian *pa neter apu pa maat* (*Gods of the Egyptians*, i. pp. 416, 417). The meaning of the amulet is thus sufficiently clear. Its extreme rarity has been already noted. The only examples we have met with are the two or three gilded steatite specimens in the British Museum.'

A Handbook for students of Psychology, Logic, Ethics, Æsthetics, and General Philosophy has been written by Professor Oswald Külpe of Würzburg, and it has been published in English in one small volume. It is a feat of condensation. Yet the book is perfectly readable and enjoyable. But for that the German professor owes much to his American translators, Instructor W. B. Pillsbury and Professor E. B. Titchener of Cornell. The title is *Introduction to Philosophy* (Allen & Unwin; 6s.). There are just two ways of translating. Dr. Pillsbury and Dr. Titchener have chosen the right way. This is what Professor Külpe meant to say, and it is said in excellent idiomatic English. The translators have enriched the original by adding references to English books.

Messrs. Blackwood have published in a cheap form the Seventh Macleod Memorial Lecture. The lecturer was the Rev. Roger S. Kirkpatrick, B.D., Minister at Yarrow. Its subject is *The Ministry of Dr. John Macleod in the Parish of Govan* (2s. net).

Dr. John Macleod was the leader for many a day, in the Church of Scotland, of what was called the Ritualistic or High Church party. He was a man of great energy, strong convictions, unshakable courage. With full sympathy Mr. Kirkpatrick tells the story of his labours and his rewards.

After the lecture there are printed many interesting appendixes. One of them gives the Order for the Dedication of the Govan Parish Church of St. Constantine. Without the sermon, which is not published, it occupies twenty-three printed pages.

Messrs. Blackwood have published an English translation of *Religion and Science*, a philosophical essay, by John Theodore Merz, the author of *A History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century* (5s. net). The philosopher has a right to deal with the relation of science to religion, because, when physical science was at its highest and haughtiest, the philosopher was less disturbed than the theologian, and did not a little to open the way to an understanding of the limits of all scientific investigation. If this essay could have been written then it might have made a sensation. It is not only that it is calm; it is also that it is convincing. But it could not have been written then. The scientist had to be allowed to spread himself over the field for a time. He had to find out for himself that in comparison with the universe of thought and action, his own activities and theories were quite narrow and quite impassably confined. Now the philosopher has his chance. And Dr. Merz is the man to take it. He knows what science can do. He knows what science has done. He takes science and religion together to gain what he calls a common-sense view of the universe. And yet he brings out forcibly the fact that there can never be complete harmony between them, because science is for ever changing, whereas religion, even if temporarily disturbed, always reverts to its beginnings, indicating that there is some abiding and unchanging reality at the bottom of things.

What the Roman Catholic Church has done in the past and what it is doing now for *The Memory of our Dead* is told with much learning and enlightened conviction by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., in a volume with that title issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates (2s. 6d. net). The main matter is of course prayer for the departed, and it is considered on all sides. But that is not the only matter in the book by any means. It contains much folklore; and many curious customs are described and vindicated in it. Among the rest there is an able reply to Sir James G. Frazer, who said that 'the Commemoration of All Souls,

as now recognized by the Catholic Church, is nothing more nor less than an ancient Celtic festival of the departed, which ecclesiastical authority, "being unable to suppress, was at length induced to connive at."

That there is dissatisfaction with the present state of the science of Ethics is evident, and the evidence comes from different quarters of the compass. What is the trouble? There are many troubles. The deepest is the discovery that scientific ethics, which is more directly called metaphysical ethics, is not ethics. That is to say, it is not morality. It has to do with conceptions into which right and wrong as moral choices need not enter. 'There is no reason,' says Mr. Thomas Whittaker, 'why we should call such systems "systems of morality" at all. A code of conduct adapted to promote efficiently the organic life and expansion of an aggregate, but recognising no ultimate ground save a Collective Will, never seemed to me to deserve the name of morality in the proper sense. It might easily be the code of a band of robbers.'

Mr. Whittaker has written a book on *The Theory of Abstract Ethics* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 4s. 6d. net). His purpose in writing it is to show where the shoe pinches and whence relief may come. It will come from acceptance of the ethics of Professor Juvalta. Mr. Whittaker expounds Juvalta's system (it is found in *Old and New Problems of Morality*). But he does more. He carries Juvalta to Kant and back to us, purified and strengthened and made fitter than before for our guide to the life that is sober, righteous, and goodly.

A small but precious volume has been added to the series of books on Indian thought which, under the general title of *The Heritage of India*, are being brought out by the Right Rev. V. S. Azariah, Bishop of Dornakal, and Mr. J. N. Farquhar, M.A. It is a selection of poetry and prose (chiefly poetry) from the Buddhist writings, made and introduced by K. J. Saunders, M.A., Literary Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., of India, Burma, and Ceylon. The title is *The Heart of Buddhism* (Humphrey Milford; 1s. 6d. net).

The selection shows that Mr. Saunders has a knowledge of Buddhist literature which very few would lay claim to. But the Introduction is as

scholarly as the Selection—a charming addition to Buddhist interpretation. Mr. Saunders feels the drawing of the Buddha, and confesses it, though he would not for one moment place him beside the Christ.

Professor Alexander Souter has prepared *A Pocket Lexicon to the Greek New Testament* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 3s. net). Already we have Hickie (slightly smaller) and Berry (slightly larger), both excellent. Yet there is room. For Professor Souter has used the new grammars and lexicons which have nearly turned the study of the Greek of the New Testament upside down. And more than that, he has made his book something of a biblico-theological lexicon, to use the long word made familiar by Cremer. We shall best review the book by quoting the note on *πίστις*.

'*πίστις*, (a) *faith, belief, trust*, generally of the leaning of the entire human personality upon God or the Messiah in absolute trust and confidence in His power, wisdom, and goodness. The older meaning, *intellectual conviction* of certain truths, is often present. (In Eph. i 15 [shorter text] *ἐἰς* = among); (b) with the article, *the faith* (in Lk. xviii 8 perhaps *the necessary faith* or *the faith that perseveres*), *the Christian faith*, Ac. vi 7, xiii 8, xvi 5, xxiv 24, Gal. i 23, iii 23, vi 10, Eph. iv 13, Jude 3, 20, etc.; (c) as a psychological faculty, Heb. xi 1; (d) *integrity, faithfulness, trustworthiness, loyalty*, Mt. xxiii 23, Rom. i 17 (?), Gal. v 22, 2 Ti. iv 7; (e) *a guarantee*, Ac. xvii 31.'

'In the year 1879 a book of *Tshi Proverbs* was published by the Basel Evangelical Missionary Society. This work, which was edited by the late Rev. J. G. Christaller, contained some "3,600 proverbs in use among the negroes of the Gold Coast, speaking the Asante and Fante language." From that book a selection of proverbs has been made by Mr. R. Sutherland Rattray, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I. The proverbs selected have been published in the original language and in an English translation, under the title of *Ashanti Proverbs* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 8s. 6d. net). To the translation Mr. Rattray has added philological and folklore notes, increasing the value of the book not a little thereby, and its value was considerable already. For these Ashanti proverbs are a surprise of wit as well as of wisdom. Clearly

the Ashantis have a wider outlook on life than we have given them credit for. It has been denied that they recognize a supreme deity, even Mr. Ellis asserting that any such idea they possess is a result of missionary teaching. Mr. Rattray shows clearly that the Ashanti idea of a High God is their own. It is very much the same with their proverbs. Some of them may be due to European or Asiatic influence, but the greater part are native. This is one of the proverbs with its explanation:

'Experienced men have a saying, "Leave my legs alone," but you will not hear them saying, "Leave my head alone."

'The following is the explanation given by the Ashantis of this saying. Long ago, when wild animals, lions, hyenas, and leopards, were even more numerous than now, a man, when he lay down to sleep, always took care that his feet and not his head were nearest to the doorway. Thus, if a wild animal got into the hut, it would most probably seize the man's legs, who would then shout "Leave my legs alone"; whereas had his head been nearest the door, and been seized hold of, he would have been unable to shout "Leave my head alone." The proverb means, a man of experience will not put himself in a position from which he cannot extricate himself.'

Here are other proverbs at random:

'When the cat walks about the house carrying his bag, the night animal (the mouse) does not put his hand inside.'

'It is not the greater amount of food that the elephant eats than the duyker that makes it greater in size than he.'

'If the vulture did not wish to come into the house, it would not stand about on the dung-hill.'

'When something gets in your eye, it is your friend who removes it for you.'

'When you have not a cown shell, then you say that wine is not sweet.'

Under the title of *Christian Mind Healing*, a manual of 'New Thought' teaching has been written by Harriet Hale Rix (Fowler; 3s. 6d. net). For most of us it is difficult to distinguish between New Thought and Christian Science. If we know what Christian Science is, we shall be able in future to make the distinction. For this volume tells us very plainly what New Thought is.

The idea of *Prosperity* (Fowler; 1s. 6d. net)

held by Annie Rix Militz is not the idea once held by Samuel Smiles. Worldly prosperity is not in all the thoughts of a New Thought preacher. It does depend upon the possession of wealth; but then wealth is godliness. How is godliness to be obtained? Not by faith in Christ, not by the working of the Holy Spirit, not by good works, but by right thinking. Get the mind right and the heart will be right. It is the New Thought interpretation of the text, 'If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.'

All scoutmasters should add to their manual of directions a little book called *Control* (Heffer; 6d. net). It is written by E. A. Humphery Fenn, and gives the inner ethical rules for scouting.

Dr. Charles Sarolea has written much about the war, and always worthily. As a Belgian, tingling with patriotic indignation, he might be excused if he spoke fiercely against the men who have destroyed his beloved country; but not one vindictive word has ever been uttered by him. He knows that he and his will come to their own again. And now, as a tribute to one of the nations through whom the restitution will be made, he writes a delightful book about *Europe's Debt to Russia* (Heinemann; 3s. 6d. net). It is a book that ought to be sent broadcast over the land. We do not know Russia as Dr. Sarolea does. We have not perhaps the imagination to recognize the difficulties that Russia has had to contend with, or the way in which she has faced and is facing them. Dr. Sarolea gives us eyes to see. For he writes not only out of the fulness of knowledge and sympathy, but also with marvellous command of the English tongue.

The Superman is becoming a nightmare. To get rid of it let us understand what a Superman is. For better knowledge, even though it does not issue in perfect love, often drives out fear. The whole doctrine of *The Superman in Modern Literature* is declared by Leo Berg (Jarrold; 5s. net).

Carlyle seems to have been his creator with his lectures on 'Heroes and Hero-worship.' Carlyle's Superman was the man of might. Then came Emerson, whose Superman was the successful man. Renan and Flaubert followed. Renan's Superman was a child of philosophical theory, pure and simple; but Flaubert's was a product of hate

The greater hater the greater man—or woman. He wrote to George Sand: 'Ah! if you could only hate!' Goethe and Napoleon both had the Superman idea in their minds, and they found him at home. Then Nietzsche. Nietzsche's is the Superman proper. He gave the name and he gave it its popularity. 'I teach you the Superman. Man is something that is to be surpassed.' 'The Superman is the meaning of the earth.' Thus spake Zarathustra. And after Zarathustra the Deluge.

Leo Berg, however, begins his second part. He pursues the Superman through Immermann, Friedrich Hebbel, Richard Wagner, Dostojevski (whose Raskolnikow is his Superman!), through Ibsen, and comes to August Strindberg. Many names follow, German names mostly, but they do not add appreciably to the Superman's proportions. Leo Berg's conclusion is that 'all this theorising about the Superman is mere dreaming.'

There are few things more hopeful for the future of theology than the undisputed fact that scholarship and evangelicalism are in closer alliance than ever they were before. Here is Dr. A. E. Garvie, Principal of New College, London, and a great scholar, offering us a small popular book on *The Evangelical Type of Christianity* (Kelly; 1s. net). And there are no concessions to 'the modern mind' that weaken the power or diminish the glory of the Cross.

It is a wonder that the Love-feast of the ancient Church has not received more attention in our day. It expressed the spirit of the gospel and it was all in the line of that democratic brotherhood towards which we are struggling. Mr. Keating did issue a useful handbook of materials for a study of the Agape some years ago. Now, however, we have a book, as readable as it is erudite, by a capable Wesleyan which is pretty sure to find its audience and to tell the Christian world wherein the significance of the Agape lay. The title is *Love-Feasts* (Kelly; 5s. net). The author is the Rev. R. Lee Cole, M.A., B.D.

Mr. Lee Cole knows the literature of his subject. In dealing with the New Testament evidence he uses the commentaries with understanding. He is especially, and rightly, drawn to Dr. Knowling's 'Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles' in the *Expositor's Greek Testament*. For Knowling is

undoubtedly the fullest and most instructive, in short, the best of the commentaries on Acts which work on the Greek text, as Rackham is the best of those that use the Authorized Version. Mr. Lee Cole is evidently a steady reader of the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*. He quotes frequently from Bishop Maclean's article there on the Agape, and calls it 'an able summary in a few pages of the whole history.' He finds parallels to the Christian Love-feast in customs elsewhere described throughout the *Encyclopædia*. And in the last chapter on 'Modern Readoptions of the Agape,' he again refers to the articles dealing with 'Feet-washing' and the like. One of the most interesting chapters is that on 'The Agape in the Catacombs.' But the book is to be read throughout.

Among the universities of America, the University of Columbia holds a high place for the encouragement of original research. Among its many publications is a series of Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, which has reached the sixtieth handsome volume. Of that volume the second part (published separately) is occupied with the results of research by Maude Aline Huttman, Ph.D., Instructor in History in Barnard College, into *The Establishment of Christianity and the Proscription of Paganism* (P. S. King & Son; 8s. net). There are two divisions; the first division discusses the meaning and extent of Toleration under Constantine; the second records the Laws against Paganism that are found in the Roman Codes.

Miss Huttman is more interested in Toleration than in Christianity. Perhaps it is better to say that she is interested in Toleration as an important element in Christianity. In any case she has no fault to find with Constantine for not being a better Christian, she is well pleased that he was so tolerant an emperor.

The Right Rev. John P. Maud, D.D., Bishop of Kensington, has done all he can do for the belief in fellowship between the living and the dead. He has preached and published a series of sermons on *Our Comradeship with the Blessed Dead* (Longmans; 1s. net). He has also prayed prayers that are not in the Prayer-book, and he has published them. It seems as if the war were to encourage prayers for the departed. But if the

prayers are only for the blessed dead, does that remove the sting? —

In *Life's Journey* (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net), the Right Rev. Henry Hutchinson Montgomery, sometime Bishop of Tasmania, attacks the doctrine of *The Pilgrim's Progress*; and his attack is heartily supported by the Bishop of London, who writes an Introduction to the book. What is the matter with the Pilgrim? He is too intent on saving his own soul. In Bishop Ingram's words, 'He is so intent on saving his own soul that the poor wife and children are left without a thought; there seems no idea in the story that the people of the City of Destruction could possibly be converted.' And that is not all. He has no sense of the presence of Christ on his journey. To quote the Bishop of London again: 'Christ Himself is never present to the Pilgrim until the end of the journey, and there is no hint of that Sacramental Presence which is the chief comfort of the pilgrim in "life's journey" to-day.'

Do not think that the criticism is offensive. It is a revelation of the shifting of emphasis. To these two bishops, and to many men besides, the emphatic things to-day are the presence of Christ and the living brotherhood into which that presence moulds all the pilgrims on life's journey. But where is the Bunyan who will write the new immortal allegory? —

Was there a twofold ministry in the early Church? Was there a Charismatic as well as an Institutional ministry? Were there prophets who owed their authority to the possession of spiritual gifts by the side of elders or bishops whose authority was more external, due chiefly to election to office? For some time the study of the early Church had been moving in that direction. Then came the discovery of the Didache. At once Harnack published his conclusions, and supported them by the usual battalions of argument. Since then this has been the favourite doctrine.

It is attacked in force by the Rev. H. J. Wotherpoon, D.D., in a volume of lectures, delightful to read, called *The Ministry in the Church* (Longmans; 4s. 6d. net). Dr. Wotherpoon denies the authority of the Didache. It may be late; it is certainly local. At the best it tells us only what was doctrine and practice in some small side-tracked church which may have been unduly

influenced by Judaism. Its recognition of the Prophet may have been a local and even sectarian peculiarity. In any case it is no evidence for the doctrine of the Catholic Church. With the discredit of the Didache the 'Twofold Ministry' theory disappears. No doubt the Prophet is mentioned in the Acts and Epistles. But he is there not as a ruler. In the lists in which he appears, 'St. Paul is dealing with spiritual principles not with hierarchies of Ministry.'

Under the title of *The Glad Tidings of Reconciliation* (Longmans; 4s. 6d. net), the Right Rev. E. A. Knox, D.D., Bishop of Manchester, has published a volume on the Atonement. It has been to him a surprise and a sorrow that the preaching of the present day passes by the Atonement. He knows the reasons that are given. He has no respect for them. So he resolved to make the Atonement the subject of his third Visitation Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Manchester; and when he had delivered his Charge he published this volume.

The practical purpose is never forgotten. The Scripture doctrine is set forth clearly and fairly, without critical disintegration but with knowledge enough of what believing criticism demands. Then the truth is pressed home, its reality, its urgency; and the responsibility of those who being sent to preach the glad tidings of the grace of God, disregard it.

Dr. Knox is much puzzled with the comparative neglect of the doctrine of the Atonement by St. Luke. He thinks it may be due to the fact that St. Luke wrote for Theophilus—a Greek, to whom the Cross was perhaps foolishness. But he prints this note which was sent him by Archdeacon W. C. Allen:

'The omission of reference to the atoning value of the death of Christ in the Acts finds a significant parallel in the fact that S. Luke omits one of the only two passages in the other two Synoptists which assign such a value to the death, viz. "to give his life a ransom for many," and that in some manuscripts there is no reference to the sacrificial-covenant aspect of the death in the words of the institution of the Last Supper, S. Luke xxii. 19b, 20, being omitted by the Western text. This would suggest that the rarity of such teaching in the speeches of S. Paul and S. Peter in the Acts is due to omission by S. Luke.'

The Rev. H. T. Purchas, M.A., once known to us as the author of a book on 'Johannine Problems and Modern Needs,' has been for some time in New Zealand, and has given himself to the study of Church History there. After feeling his way with a book on 'Bishop Harper and the Canterbury Settlement,' he has written *A History of the English Church in New Zealand* (Sampson Low; 7s. 6d. net).

It is offered in a handsome illustrated volume. The style rises to the dignity of history, and yet escapes the dullness of much dignity, being full of local colour and occupied with everyday life. Above all, Mr. Purchas is interested in persons. Far from confounding history with biography, he nevertheless recognizes that the maker of history is the personality, the man who had initiative and enterprise. The gifts of the great man were given to this end. Mr. Purchas never overlooks the man or misses the significance of his gift.

The Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., contributed to his magazine, *The Morning Watch*, a long series of short papers on girls' names. The papers have now been published in book form with the title *What is thy Name?* (Greenock: M'Kelvie; 3s. 6d. net). They appear with the original illustrations—which are original.

One example will whet the appetite for the rest: 'Nathaniel Hawthorne, the American writer, gave his first child, born March 3, 1844, the name UNA, taken from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. "As to her name," wrote a friend, "I hardly know what to say. At first it struck me not quite agreeably, but on thinking more of it I like it better. The great objection to names of that class is that they are too imaginative. If your little girl could pass her life in playing upon a green lawn, with a snow-white lamb with a ribbon round its neck, all things would be in a 'concatenation accordingly'; but imagine your wife saying, 'Una, my love, I am ashamed to see you with so dirty a face'; or, 'Una, my dear, you should not sit down to dinner without your apron.' Think of all this before you finally decide."

'The story of her life is a very touching one. After her father's death she became engaged to a young American writer of great promise. His health being delicate, he set out on a voyage to the Sandwich Islands. He died on the passage. A lady wrote to her announcing the news. "The

letter came one afternoon," says a friend, "when we were all sitting in the library. She began to read, but after a moment quickly turned over the page and glanced on the other side. 'Ah—yes,' she said slowly, with a slight sigh. She made no complaint, nor gave way to any passion of grief, but she seemed from that hour to relinquish the world along with her hopes of happiness in it." She continued to devote herself, as she had done for some years previously, to the upbringing of orphan and destitute children. But before the end of the year her dark auburn hair had become quite grey. She died soon after, near London, in 1877."

Those who have even the slightest interest in Egyptology—and every one has some interest in Egypt who has an interest in the Bible—should subscribe for *Ancient Egypt* (Macmillan; 2s.). It is edited by a man who has vitality enough in himself to impart vitality to every page—Professor Flinders Petrie. The current quarterly part has not a dull or insignificant line. It contains the first portion of a most instructive article on 'The Egyptian Elements in the Grail Romance,' a survey of recent 'French and Italian Egyptology,' an account of 'The Grenfell Collection of Scarabs' with three plates of illustration, a note on 'The End of the Hittites,' by Professor Flinders Petrie, and many reviews.

No book by Miss Jane Addams is ever overlooked in the United States. It is time we had discovered her. She writes on Politics, on the duties of States, on Peace and War. Her latest book is *Newer Ideals of Peace* (Macmillan; 2s. net). The last chapter is entitled the 'Passing of the War Virtues.' This is its conclusion: 'The International Peace Conference held in Boston in 1904 was opened by a huge meeting in which men of influence and modern thought from four continents, gave reasons for their belief in the passing of war. But none was so modern, so fundamental and so trenchant, as the address which was read from the prophet Isaiah. He founded the cause of peace upon the cause of righteousness, not only as expressed in political relations, but also in industrial relations. He contended that peace could be secured only as men abstained from the gains of oppression and responded to the cause of the poor; that swords would finally be beaten

into plowshares and pruning-hooks, not because men resolved to be peaceful, but because all the metal of the earth would be turned to its proper use when the poor and their children should be abundantly fed. It was as if the ancient prophet foresaw that under an enlightened industrialism peace would no longer be an absence of war, but the unfolding of world-wide processes making for the nurture of human life. He predicted the moment which has come to us now that peace is no longer an abstract dogma but has become a rising tide of moral enthusiasm slowly engulfing all pride of conquest and making war impossible.'

Many men and most preachers have attempted to say something helpful about *Our Fallen Heroes and their Destiny*, but nobody that we know of has been more definite or more elaborate than Robert P. Downes, LL.D. (Horace Marshall; 1s. net). He has swept through the Bible and the relevant Christian literature, writing clearly and quoting copiously. And on the whole we do not know that there is a better book to be found for the lifting up of the heart.

The war is said to have given birth to the prophet as well as to the interpreter of prophecy. The prophet has done nothing for us. Will the interpreter be of greater service? Will the Rev. G. Harold Lancaster, M.A., F.R.A.S., Vicar of St. Stephen's, North Bow, London, be able to bring the prophetic scriptures into touch with the present war, and that for instruction in righteousness? Certainly in his book on *Prophecy, the War, and the Near East* (Marshall Brothers; 6s.), he has done his best. And it is almost uncanny the way he gets events and texts to agree together. Beyond most prophetic interpreters he is careful of the great principles, especially the great ethical principles, of God's government of the world.

A translation has been made into English of a book by Professor A. O. Meyer of Rostock on *England and the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth* (Kegan Paul; 12s. net). The translator is the Rev. J. R. McKee, M.A., of the London Oratory.

It is a most unusual thing for a book of ecclesiastical history written by a Protestant to receive the imprimatur of the Roman Catholic Church. The translator admits that Dr. Meyer's work con-

tains 'views which a Catholic historian would reject, and passes over considerations which he would emphasize.' These differences, however, are outweighed by the fact that Professor Meyer takes the same view of the Reformation which English Roman Catholic historians have taken, from Dodd to the present day.

The translator has done his work most skilfully. And as Dr. Meyer revised and improved it, the English edition is better than the original.

There is no more puzzling phenomenon in human life than the antagonism between religion and morality. The more religious the less moral; the more moral the less religious—it is an experience as undeniable as it is disconcerting. There is no such antagonism in Christ. The closest walk with God is united to the most active life of goodness among men. And it is Christianity alone of all the religions in the world that unites the two easily and perfectly. Wherever there is religion without morality, or morality without religion, Christ is partially and badly apprehended.

Confucianism is morality without religion. And clearly enough the more the morality, the less the religion. We do not go to Confucius to learn of man's relation to God, we go to learn of man's relation to man. A study of *The Ethics of Confucius*, as made by Miles Menander Dawson (Putnam; \$1.50 net), is a study of Confucianism.

There is no better study. Mr. Dawson, following the plan of Confucius himself, presents the ethics of Confucius under great divisions, such as 'What constitutes the Superior Man?' 'Self-development,' 'The Family,' 'The State'; and then under subdivisions, such as Moderation, Righteousness, Earnestness, Humility, Aspiration, Prudence—all these and more being under self-development; and makes appreciative or critical comment on each saying as he records it. These comments bring the sage's words into relationship and make the book one that can be read comfortably from beginning to end.

If there are Protestants who desire to know how the history of the Church appeals to a capable and candid Roman Catholic, they could scarcely do better than read *The Story of the Catholic Church*, by the Rev. George Stebbing, C.S.S.R. (Sands; 6s. net). It will be all the more instruc-

tive that it has not been written for Protestants. Not that 'those who were not saints' would then have been called saints, for Mr. Stebbing has the conscience of a responsible and reliable historian. He has striven to prevent the scandal from appropriating the best place in his canvas: but he has not kept it out; for he finds throughout the history of the Church 'the perennial human element, always alive, always exerting its power, and sometimes almost frustrating, as far as human action can, the purpose of what is divine.'

Mr. Stebbing's style is no surprise of felicity, but it is clear and consecutive. This is what he says about Modernism: 'Besides the conflicts which Pius x. had to engage in with now one and now another of the secular powers of the world, he had to engage in an internal struggle as well. This concerned the safeguarding of the Faith from the assaults of an insidious heresy, which received and to some extent accepted the name of Modernism. This system of teaching, whose spirit may be said to consist in explaining away Christian dogma in such a way as to make it accord with the dominant speculations of modern thought, extends its branches in so many directions that it would be impossible to enounce its tenets in a few words. Suffice it to say that with unerring foresight the Sovereign Pontiff saw with alarm that its propagation would mean the adulteration and final destruction of that Apostolic Faith of which he knew himself to be the chief guardian on earth. Once assured of this, he struck at the error with vigour and precision, especially by the degree *Lamentabili* of the Holy Office issued on the 4th of July, 1907, and by the encyclical *Pascendi* on the 8th of the following September. These and various other pontifical pronouncements met of course with much opposition on the part of those who were infected with the errors condemned; but, as far as can be judged at the present time, it seems remarkable how quickly the action of the Pope has produced the effect he aimed at, of guarding the weak, drawing back those in danger of mistake, and unmasking the underground plans of the real enemies. Alongside of the real danger there seems for a time to have sprung up an exaggerated fear of error, which fancied it could detect Modernism even in the writings of orthodox writers, whose methods or views seemed to differ from its own. But with the withering of the real

error, the prevalence of these undue fears seems also to have passed away.'

The late Master of the Temple, the Rev. Henry George Woods, D.D., has not left behind him the reputation for preaching that belongs to his predecessors, Canon Ainger and Dean Vaughan; but the volume of sermons now issued and edited by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, contains as much clear thinking and courageous speaking as any volume which those great preachers ever published. Its subjects are varied; but the war is present in most of the sermons, and it is the war that requires the clearness and the courage. The first sermon strikes the note, and no sermon following it is out of harmony. Two texts are chosen: 'Of thy goodness slay mine enemies' (Ps 143¹²), and 'I say unto you, Love your enemies' (Mt 5⁴⁴). He says: 'I have taken for my text two passages of scripture, which are not really contradictory, though they may seem at first sight somewhat opposed. To the modern sentimentalist the Psalmist's prayer to God to slay his enemies no doubt seems crude and bloodthirsty. Good religious people sometimes doubt whether such a prayer is justifiable. But why not, when you are at war? What else do you mean when you pray to God for victory?' And in one of the latest sermons he says the same: 'Some people ask, "Is it right to pray for victory." We may answer, "If it is right to work for victory, it is right to pray for victory." Everything depends on the righteousness of our cause.' The title of the book is *Christianity and War* (Scott; 3s. net).

In *The Test of War* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net), the Rev. James Plowden-Wardlaw, M.A., does his best, in nearly every sermon, to show the good (if not the glory) that there is in war. 'Think,' he says, 'of the self-control throughout every class, which a titanic world-struggle like this necessitates; and can you doubt that righteous war, imposed by the decree of unavoidable Providence, provides the finest spiritual tonic that human experience can desire, and casting out all that is bad or of ill report, sanctifies the national life to its glory and lasting benefit.' But he hopes this war will be the end of war. For he is much torn with the cruelty of it. 'When,' he says, 'we are appalled by poems of hate translated in the papers, it is pleasant to reflect that in the German Army there

are thousands of good home-loving men, victims of the ambitions of the unscrupulous government of military Prussia. In the paper some time ago there was a pathetic story of a letter found upon an elderly German, who was killed. "There he lay dead," says one who was present, "crimson in face, and foaming at the lips. It was a good face, strong, and kindly. The poor man's tunic was already open, and as some more buttons were undone, a letter fell out. It was a letter from his wife, an ordinary letter, yet doubly dear to him in the battle-field in his extremity. 'My dearest Heart,' writes the lonely wife somewhere in Germany to her husband fighting on the frontier: 'My dearest Heart, when the little ones have said their prayers and prayed for their dear father and have gone to bed, I sit and think of you, my love. I think of all the old days, when we were betrothed, and I think of all our happy married life. Oh, Ludwig, beloved of my soul, why should people fight each other? I cannot think that God would wish it.' My brethren, that poor wife and mother will never see the beloved partner of her life again. He was a victim of a swaggering military caste."

Child Study and Child Training (Scribner; \$1 net) is a book for parents. The author is William Byron Forbush, President of the American Institute of Child Life. Much has been done for the education of the child; the education of the parent has been comparatively neglected. This book will go some way towards atoning for the neglect. Every aspect of the training of children is discussed, and with considerable fulness, for it is a volume close-packed with thought and containing scarcely a superfluous word. No doubt it is good for teachers who are not parents; but it is especially required by and especially fitted for parents. The most disregarded part of the parent's duty is the training of the imagination. How many parents know what the imagination is? How many train it scientifically?

The 'Trench Booklets' (Simpkin; 6d. net each) contain short quotations from the literature of the world. Each volume's quotations are appropriate to its title. The titles are *Prayers and Thoughts for the Trenches*, *Fight for the Right*, and *For King and Country*.

One man writes of one phase or feature of the

war, and another man writes of another. Mr. Edmund Candler, in *The Year of Chivalry* (Simpkin; 5s. net), describes the extraordinary variety of persons and nationalities whom the war has caught in its cruel embrace. He begins by showing us a hotel in Boulogne, its incessant babble, its unresting movement, its inmates of all colours and conditions. Then he carries us to the front with William Mobbs, a London barber, who did his bit handsomely though he was not named in the dispatches. Thereafter we are introduced to Sikhs, Hindus, Ghurkas, Muhammadans, Frenchmen, Belgians, Senegalais, and what not. Every individual is a type; every incident is the war; and all is vividly real and bewildering.

An exposition of the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, very useful for meditation, has been published by the Rev. G. H. Whitaker, Rector of Souldern, under the title of *The Father's Name* (S.P.C.K.; 6d. net).

A new and cheaper edition of *Captains and Comrades in the Faith*, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, has been published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (2s. 6d. net). The book was published in 1911 by Mr. Murray. The new edition contains a portrait.

The Religion and Worship of the Synagogue, by W. O. E. Oesterley and G. H. Box, issued some years ago, is the authority on its subject in English. But it is a large and expensive volume. A popular book on the same subject has been written by S. C. Kirkpatrick, S.Th. Its title is *Through the Jews to God* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). It is not a boiled-down Oesterley and Box. It is written with knowledge and independence. Being written for popular enjoyment, it is well illustrated.

Dr. F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock's new book on *St. Patrick and his Gallic Friends* (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net) consists of two parts. The first part describes St. Patrick; the second describes his Gallic friends. The book has been written 'to remind all whom it may concern of the time when Gallican bishops came over to help the British Church in its difficulties, and when Gallican bishops educated, trained and consecrated a bishop who was afterwards universally regarded as the National Saint of Ireland.' And that is a

good purpose. Those Gallic, that is French, friends we now have, let us grapple them to us with all the hooks of steel we can find. If we can include the religious hook, that is better than all. But Dr. Montgomery Hitchcock has done more than he promises to do. He has written a scholarly sketch of St. Patrick's life, and he has shown how great was the influence on his character and career of his friendships.

The Rev. Ernest Hedger, M.A., Vicar of Coxwold, York, asked Archdeacon W. H. Hutton to introduce his little book of sermons called *A Village Lent and Easter* (S.P.C.K.; 6d. net). Dr. Hutton has done so. This is what he says: 'It would be quite a mistake to think that it is easier to preach in the country than in the town. It needs just as much pains, and thought, and patience. I have heard a great many sermons in the country: I have often heard country folk criticise them; and their criticisms and mine, when just, have always been on the same point. The preacher had not taken enough pains. More pains would make sermons shorter, clearer, more full of the preacher's own faith (and less of his fads), and more likely to cause faith in others. Country people enjoy no more than town people repetitions of the same thought in other words, or the use of two words where one will do. They don't like being talked at or talked down to. They like to hear, plainly told, the message of God to man as He has revealed it to the man who speaks to them. Now this, I think, is just what we get in these sermons. The preacher says exactly what he means, he says it clearly, and he does not repeat it.' That is well said, and one is glad that Dr. Hutton has said it. The book deserves his warm approval.

The Rev. C. R. Ball, M.A., Hon. Canon of Peterborough, has taken St. Luke's account of St. Paul's voyage to Rome in the Book of Acts and made it illustrate some special aspects of life. The title is *The Voyage of Life* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net). The man who can do this well must have peculiar gifts. It will be a surprise to many to find how readily in Canon Ball's hands the narrative falls into ethical and religious doctrine. In the chapter on 'The Lee Shore,' Canon Ball offers an appropriate encouragement to economy. In the narrative of 'The Euraquilo and the Syrtis' he finds an

equally appropriate lesson on the right use of sudden calamities and great crises in life. 'Undergirding the Ship' suggests the place and value of friends; and 'Lightening the Ship,' the place and value of possessions. Take this paragraph from the last-named chapter: 'These thoughts can hardly fail to prompt the question as to how far the principle that possessions are not necessarily sources of spiritual power, while poverty has been the source of spiritual strength, applies to our own branch of the Church. The endowments which the Church of England possesses have been given in God's providence, and therefore are not to be lightly thrown away. Yet is it not only too probable that we attribute to them a power far in excess of that which they actually possess? Would their removal necessarily mean in the long run a real loss, a permanent spiritual set-back? When we remember the amount of solid work which our Nonconformist brethren have achieved, and the spiritual power which they have exercised through their respective societies without any endowments, we can but admire their self-sacrificing zeal, and strive to imitate their example.'

By means of letters addressed first of all to a woman who has given her husband to the war and to death, 'The One who Looked on' offers wise counsel and sincere sympathy to the sons and daughters of affliction everywhere. If there is an education in endurance this book is fit to be the teacher. The title is *Who dies if England Live?* (Elliot Stock; 1s. net).

Mr. Stockwell has issued the first volume of a series of cheap books for distracted sermon-makers, to be called *Sermons in Brief* (2s. net). They seem to be original, and they are distinctly better than the 'skeleton' we have become so shy of.

Another new series issued by Mr. Stockwell is 'The Church Pulpit,' of which the first volume has been written by the Rev. G. M. Argles, M.A., Canon of York. Its title is *Family Life* (2s. 6d. net). The sermons are short and go direct to their mark—the encouragement of practical Christianity. No time is spent on exegesis or theology. 'This do, and thou shalt live,' is the urgent message of every sermon.

It is a distinct encouragement to every lover of his country and his God to find a philosophical

scholar like Dr. H. R. Marshall expressing the belief that war may be ended if we will, and that there is good evidence now that we mean to end it. The great difficulty is the existence in man of the fighting instinct. That must be diverted into beneficent channels. All opportunities for its encouragement must be avoided, even to the length of discouraging football. And we must not preach in favour of war. 'No one,' he says, 'who believes thoroughly in the immorality of war can have failed to have been shocked, as I was, on

Sunday, the 30th day of August last, when I heard a member of the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church open the reading of the Psalter appointed for the day with the terrible words, "Blessed be the Lord God who teacheth my hands to battle, and my fingers to fight." These words were written by a man of deep religious feeling, but one who had not gained any conception of the immorality of war—one whose God was a God of war.' The title of the book is *War and the Ideal of Peace* (Unwin; 4s. 6d. net).

'Her that kept the Door.'

BY LADY RAMSAY, EDINBURGH.

THROUGH information kindly given to my husband by Mr. MacLean, Christ's College, Cambridge, and Professor Burkitt, I am able to supplement my previous note on the above. The example which they cite is so instructive about the customs of the country and the arrangement of the house in Palestine that I venture to describe it at some length.

In the Second Book of Samuel, chap. 4, is related the tragic story of the assassination of Ishbosheth, son of Saul, and natural heir to the throne of Israel.

Ishbosheth had in his service two brothers, Rechab and Baanah, sons of Rimmon, captains of bands, who, in order to gain the favour of David, determined to assassinate their master.

The incidents of the story imply that the season was harvest-time, the hottest part of the year, and the two assassins chose the hour immediately after noon, when their intended victim, overpowered by the warmth, would, according to custom in hot climates, have retired to sleep in the darkness and comparative coolness of an inner chamber. The hottest hours of the day were also the quietest. It was a time when the absence of visitors, on business or otherwise, might be safely counted on. Although Ishbosheth himself was asleep in his chamber, probably most of his household and certainly all possible outdoor workers would be in the harvest fields. Practically there was but one person likely to be awake and in a position to interfere with the entrance of the assassins to the house—and that was the door-keeper. The

woman who kept the door might perhaps doze at her post, but she would assuredly not retire into an inner chamber to indulge in a siesta. How, then, did the two treacherous captains manage to elude her?

Harvest-time anywhere is an interesting and happy season. It is specially so in Eastern countries, and when the harvest is a heavy one every man, woman, and child within reach takes part in the work, the threshing and winnowing of the crops being done on the harvest fields. In the latter operation the grain is thrown up into the air so that the light chaff is carried away a short distance by the wind, while the heavy grain falls back to the ground. It is necessary, therefore, to take advantage of every suitable breeze.

The story as told in the Septuagint says that 'she who kept the door' (*ἡ θυρωρός*—the same word used by John—'one who looks after the door,' here marked as feminine by the article) was busy 'winnowing wheat.' Her duty as door-keeper was for the time being at a standstill. It was harvest-time, when every one who possibly could was expected to give (and gave) a hand with the work. The door-keeper was doubtless an active, capable woman. There was nothing doing at the door. She would perhaps keep within hearing of a knock or call, and it was sheer waste of valuable time to sit there doing nothing while she missed all the pleasure of the harvesting. So off she went to 'winnow wheat' with the others.

In the Bible the story, while substantially the same as that of the Septuagint, makes no mention

of the door-keeper. The assassins are said to have come 'into the midst of the house as though they would have fetched wheat.' Thus if their entrance were questioned they had their excuse ready; but as they apparently met with no obstacle it is reasonable to suppose that the door-keeper—who would in ordinary circumstances have been there to question or to bar their entrance—was, as the Septuagint informs us, not at her post but engaged elsewhere. It is possible that in the circumstances she expected wheat to be brought into the house, and therefore, when she went away, left the door open. The repetition in v.⁷ of the Bible story seems to imply that two versions of the incident have been there used. These, however, in no way contradict each other, the repetition merely adding fuller details.

Subjoined is a comparison of the incident as related in the Septuagint (Sir L. C. L. Brenton's translation) and in the Bible.

SEPTUAGINT.

2 Kings 4.

5 And Rechab and Baana the sons of Remmon the Berothite went, and they came in the heat of the day to the house of Jebothe, and he was sleeping on a bed at noon.

6 And, behold, she that kept the gate was winnowing wheat, and he slumbered and slept: and the brothers Rechab and Baana

7 went privily into the house: and Jebothe was sleeping on his bed in his chamber: and they smite him, and slay him, and take off his head: and they took his head, and went all night by the western road.

BIBLE (R.V. American).

2 Samuel 4.

5 And the sons of Rimmon the Beerothite, Rechab and Baanah, went, and came about the heat of the day to the house of Ishbosheth, as he was taking his rest at noon.

6 And they came thither into the midst of the house, as though they would have fetched wheat; and they smote him in the body: and Rechab and Baanah his brother escaped.

7 Now when they came into the house, as he lay on his bed in his bedchamber, they smote him, and slew him and beheaded him, and took his head, and went by the way of the Arabah all night.

'The disciple, which was known unto the high priest, spoke to the keeper of the door, and brought in Simon. When the handmaid of the doorkeeper saw Simon, she said unto him, Art thou not also one of this man's disciples?' My husband thinks that this is one of the passages which were modified with the intention of doing away with the evidence of the importance of women. This matter is discussed by him in his *The Church in the Roman Empire before A.D. 170*, p. 161, and here I may quote a longer note on the subject.

'In Ac 17¹² the Western Text transforms "not a few of the Greek women of the aristocracy and of men" into "of the aristocratic Greeks men and women in numbers." It was considered unbecoming to put women before men, and the order was reversed; but Luke mentions first the ladies of the aristocracy and then men in general. The Western Text confines Paul's converts to the aristocracy, men and women alike, which is unthinkable. Moreover, *ἑσχαίων* is restricted to women in Ac 13⁵⁰ (though Matthew uses it about Joseph of Arimathea); and this usage is perhaps Lukan. In 18²⁶ Priscilla and Aquila are put in the opposite order (though the most interesting fact about them is that Priscilla was for some reason more important in the estimation of the world or the Church). In 18¹ a subtle innuendo is produced by changing "and Priscilla his wife" into "with Priscilla his wife." In 17⁸⁴ the sole motive for cutting out Damaris in D seems to be that there was some reluctance to mention her so prominently on the same level with Dionysius the Areopagite: she was therefore merged in "some others." These changes are not all accepted in Blass's Western Text, nor are they all found in every one of the scanty and generally fragmentary authorities for that Text. But the truth is that there was no Western Text; there was only a Westernizing tendency. The old Syriac reading of Jn 18¹⁶ stands in the same category as these. All of them began in the same Asiatic and especially Syrian surroundings. It was in the process of translating that closer scrutiny was applied to the New Testament; and the translators were struck with the real or apparent difference of statements in the different Gospels. The hand of modification was heavy on this episode in John; it was shifted about and verses were interchanged, with the evident hope of doing away with the differences between it and the Synoptic Gospels. Hence it is

I am indebted also to Mrs. Lewis, Ph.D., of Cambridge, for pointing out to me that the old Syriac translation of the Gospels which she and Mrs. Gibson found at Mt. Sinai reads in Jn 18^{16, 17}:

in the Syriac and still more in the old Latin versions that the chief support of the Western Text lies.'

If the reference to a woman doorkeeper in John were the only one known, the Syriac translation cited by Mrs. Lewis might be held to disprove the contention that it was customary for women to occupy such a position; but the evidence quoted

from 2 Samuel places it quite beyond doubt. The doorkeeper of the king's house was a woman. The post was one of the greatest importance, for the king's very life was in her hands. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that she would be a person come to years of discretion and one regarded as trustworthy and competent.

The Last Judgment.

By THE REV. WILLIAM WATSON, B.D., OYNE.

IN the O.T. the Judgment is usually regarded as consisting in the punishment of the faithless Israelites at the hands of their heathen neighbours or by the powers of nature; or in the deliverance of repentant Israel through the overthrow of the heathen oppressors. In Daniel, however, we find the beginnings of the conception of the Judgment as forensic, a conception which was further elaborated in the uncanonical Scriptures, and appears with some prominence in the N.T. It is interesting to trace the growth and ramifications of this conception, and in this article an attempt is made to do so.

The uncanonical books with which we are here chiefly concerned are 1 Enoch, Jubilees, 2 Enoch, 4 Esdras, and 2 Baruch. The last two belong to the closing years, and 2 Enoch to the early years of the first century A.D.; the first two to the second century B.C., or the early years of the first.

In the Last Judgment the Judge is either God or the Messiah, in Christian books very frequently the latter. There are also sometimes assessors or witnesses. When the time to pass sentence comes it is frequently said that the books containing the deeds or names of righteous and wicked are opened, and all the secrets of men are revealed.

(a) *God as Judge*.—God sits on the throne of Judgment. 'The Head of Days . . . seated Himself upon the throne of His glory' (1 En 47⁸ 60²; cf. Dn 7⁹, Rev 20¹¹). 'The Most High shall be revealed upon the throne of Judgment' (4 Es 7³³); which is a great white throne (Rev 20¹¹), like fiery flame (Dn 7⁹; cf. 1 En 50⁴), the wheels of which are like burning fire (Dn 7⁹), and before which a fiery stream comes forth (Dn 7¹⁰; cf. Ps 50⁸ 97⁸).

Before this throne the persons to be judged

stand. In Revelation the seer saw the dead, small and great, *stand* before God (Rev 20¹²). Enoch saw the seventy shepherds of God's sheep *stand* before God to be judged (1 En 90²³; cf. Wis 5¹). Some at least of the accused are *bound*. This, e.g., is the case with the seventy shepherds (1 En 90²³; cf. Bar 40¹). And some, well knowing the fate that is in store for them, are of downcast countenance: 'The sinner is burnt up by his own heart, and cannot raise his face to the Judge' (T. J. 20⁵); the faces of sinners 'shall be covered with shame' (1 En 97⁶; cf. 1 Jn 2²⁸).

(b) *The Messiah as Judge*.—Like God, the Messiah sits on the throne of Judgment. On it He is placed by God Himself: 'The Lord of Spirits placed the Elect One on the throne of glory, and he shall judge . . .' (1 En 61⁸). The Messiah's throne is at the same time God's throne: 'The Lord of Spirits seated him on the throne of His glory' (1 En 62²); 'The Elect One shall in those days sit on My throne' (51⁸).

Though the throne is God's, it is also the throne of Messiah's glory: 'The kings and the mighty . . . shall see . . . how he sits on the throne of his glory' (1 En 62⁸); 'see that Son of Man sitting on the throne of his glory' (62⁵). 'For that Son of Man has appeared, and has seated himself on the throne of his glory' (1 En 69²⁹; cf. 69²⁷, Mt 19²⁸ 25³¹).

As before God's, so also before the Messiah's throne of Judgment, the persons to be judged *stand*: 'There shall *stand up* in that day all the kings and the mighty . . . and they shall see and recognize how he sits on the throne of his glory' (1 En 62⁸); 'We shall all *stand* before the judgment seat of Christ' (Ro 14¹⁰). At the sight of

their Judge the wicked 'shall be downcast of countenance, and pain shall seize them' (1 En 62⁵).

As Judge the Messiah judges evil angels and men, the works of the wicked and the works of the righteous. 'Ye shall have to behold Mine Elect One, how he sits on the throne of glory and judges Azâzêl, and all his associates, and all his hosts in the name of the Lord of Spirits' (1 En 55⁴). He shall judge the deeds of sinners, 'shall try their works' (1 En 45³), 'shall judge all the works of the holy above in the heaven' (61⁸).

His sentence is immediately carried out: 'The word of his mouth slays all the sinners, and all the unrighteous are destroyed from before his face' (1 En 62²; cf. 69²⁷⁻²⁹); 'He shall destroy them without labour by the Law which is compared unto fire' (4 Es 13^{37f.}). Sometimes the execution of the sentence is entrusted to angels: 'He will deliver them (the kings and the mighty) to the angels for punishment, to execute vengeance on them' (1 En 62¹¹; cf. Mt 13^{41f. 48f.}).

(c) *Officers, Assessors, and Witnesses at the Judgment.*—Innumerable hosts minister to God as He sits on His throne of Judgment (Dn 7¹⁰, 1 En 47³ 60²). Archangels, in one case at least, bring the persons to be judged (1 En 90²¹). For the assessors thrones are placed (Dn 7⁹; cf. Rev 20⁴).

The witnesses are angels, the powers of nature, animals, and the hearts of men themselves. To the sinners Enoch predicts, 'From the angels He will inquire as to your deeds in heaven, from the sun and from the moon and from the stars in reference to your sins' (1 En 100¹⁰; cf. v.¹¹). 'Woe to you, ye sinners, who live on the mid-ocean and on the dry land, whose remembrance is evil against you' (97⁷). 'Light and darkness, day and night, see all your sins' (104⁸). As to the righteous, 'the angels remember them for good before the glory of the Great One' (104¹). The animals also bear witness as to their treatment by men on earth: 'Beasts will not perish, nor all souls of beasts which the Lord created, till the great Judgment, and they will accuse man, if he feed them ill' (2 En 58⁶).

Men's hearts also bear witness for or against them. To the sinners Enoch says, 'Your hearts convict you of being sinners, and this fact shall be a testimony against you for a memorial of (your) evil deeds' (1 En 96⁴). Judah says to his children, 'There is no time at which the works of men can be hid; for on the heart itself have they been

written down before the Lord' (T. J. 20⁴). 'Every one of us shall give account of himself to God' (Ro 14¹²). The ungodly 'shall come, when their sins are reckoned up, with coward fear; and their lawless deeds shall convict them to their face' (Wis 4²⁰).

The Messiah too may bear witness, just as Jesus will acknowledge or disown (Mt 16²⁷, Lk 12^{8f.}, Rev 3⁵): 'My Messiah will convict him (the last leader) of all his impieties, and will gather and set before him all the works of his hosts' (2 Bar 40¹). There is also a sense in which God Himself is both accuser and Judge (*Pirke Aboth*, 4²⁹).

The condemned are removed by angels: 'They (the angels of punishment) brought the kings and the mighty, and began to cast them into this deep valley' (Gehenna, 1 En 54²); 'Mine eyes saw all the sinners being driven from thence which deny the name of the Lord of Spirits, and being dragged off' (41²; cf. 62¹¹ 63¹, Mt 13^{40ff.}).

(d) *Weighing in the Balance.*—The well-known feature of Egyptian religion, judging by weighing in the balance, is not unknown. In the O.T. we are told that the Lord weighs the spirits (Pr 16²); and in connexion with the Last Judgment it is said that the actions of men in general are weighed: 'The actions of men are weighed in the balance' (1 En 41¹); 'All these things will be laid bare in the weighing scales . . . on the day of the great Judgment' (2 En 52¹⁵; cf. Job 31⁶, Dn 5²⁷, 4 Es 3³⁴); 'The Elect One . . . shall judge all the works of the holy . . . and in the balance shall their deeds be weighed' (1 En 61⁸); 'Before man was, a judgment-place was prepared for him, and a measure and a weighing-scale, in which man will be proved, and they are there already prepared' (2 En 49^{2b}).

(e) *The Books Opened.*—With some frequency we meet with 'heavenly books' containing the names and deeds of righteous and wicked, which are opened at the Judgment.

In these books are recorded the deeds of men in general (1 En 81^{2, 4}, 2 En 19⁵, *P.A.* 2¹ 3²⁰, Rev 20¹²), the works of the righteous (Jub 30²³, 2 Bar 24¹), as well as the sins of the wicked (1 En 81⁴ 98^{7f.}, 104⁷, 2 Bar 24¹). 'Blessed is the man . . . concerning whom there is no book of unrighteousness written' (1 En 81⁴). Records are kept by angels (1 En 104¹, 2 En 19⁵), by Michael (1 En 89^{61f.}, 90¹⁷), by Enoch (Jub 4²³ 10¹⁷, 2 En 40¹⁸, etc.). At the Judgment the books contain-

ing the sins of men will be read (1 En 90^{17, 20} 97⁶, 2 En 52¹⁵, 2 Bar 24¹), and the books of righteous deeds will be opened: 'The books shall be opened in which are written the sins of all those who have sinned, and again also the treasures in which the righteousness of all those who have been righteous in creation is gathered' (2 Bar 24¹).

There are also books containing the names of the righteous and the wicked, or from which the names of the latter are excluded or blotted out. The names of the righteous are written in heaven: 'Your names (ye righteous) are written before the glory of the Great One' (1 En 104¹); Abraham 'was recorded on the heavenly tablets as the friend of God' (Jub 19⁹; cf. 30²⁰, Lk 10²⁰, He 11²³). The righteous are enrolled in the book of memorial of life (*Test. XII. Patr.* ii. 59), recorded in 'the book of life' or 'of the living' ([Dn 12¹] Ph 4³, Rev 3⁵ 21²⁷). This 'book of life' will be opened at the Judgment: 'The Head of Days . . . seated Himself upon the throne of His glory, and the books of the living were opened before Him' (1 En 47³; cf. 4 Es 7³⁵, Rev 20¹²).

In like manner the names of the wicked are written in 'heavenly tablets' or recorded in 'the book of destruction.' In one view they are not to be found in 'the book of life' (Jub 36¹⁰, Rev 13⁸ 20¹⁵); but in another they shall be destroyed (Jub 30²²), or blotted out of 'the book of life' (1 En 108³; cf. Rev 3⁵, *Test. XII. Patr.* ii. 60), blotted out of the holy books (1 En 108³; cf. Jub 36¹⁰): 'If they transgress and work uncleanness in every way, they will be recorded on the heavenly tablets as adversaries, and they will be destroyed out of the book of life, and they will be recorded in the book of those who will be destroyed' (Jub 30²²).

(f) *The Judgment an Inquisition.*—The Judgment is an inquisition. All the deeds of men, even the most secret, will be inquired into. Secret sins in thought, word, and deed will be searched out and examined. The righteous will be separated from the sinners, and receive their due meed of praise. The wicked will be rebuked and consigned to punishment.

'That day is prepared . . . for sinners an inquisition' (1 En 60⁶; cf. Wis 3^{3, 6, 8}, Mt 22¹⁻⁴), but 'for the elect a covenant' (1 En 60⁶); 'when the secrets of the righteous shall be revealed and the sinners judged' (38³). 'The Elect One . . . shall

judge all the works of the holy above in the heaven . . . their secret ways according to the word of name of the Lord of Spirits' (61^{8f}). 'Deeds of righteousness shall awake, and deeds of iniquity shall not sleep' (4 Es 7³⁵).

The deeds of men shall 'be inquired into by God the just Judge' (Adam and Eve, 29¹⁰; cf. Mt 18^{23ff.}). 'Every man's work shall be made manifest' (1 Co 3¹³; cf. 1 En 46³). Evil words too shall be punished: 'Woe to you, ye sinners, on account of the words of your mouth . . . in blazing flames burning worse than fire shall ye burn' (1 En 100⁹); 'Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of Judgment' (Mt 12³⁶).

All secret things, sins of thought and deed, shall be searched out and judged. The Elect One 'shall judge the secret things' (1 En 49⁴). He shall conduct 'the judgment of the secrets' (68²). 'God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ' (Ro 2¹⁶; cf. 2 Bar 83²). Secret thoughts shall be examined. The Messiah 'shall reprove sinners for the thoughts of their heart' (Ps Sol 17²⁷). 'The Lord . . . will make manifest the counsels of the heart' (1 Co 4⁵; cf. He 4^{12f}). 'The Most High . . . will assuredly examine the secret thoughts, and that which is laid up in the secret chambers of all the members of man; and will make (them) manifest in the presence of all with reproof' (2 Bar 83³).

Men shall give an account of themselves. 'Thou art to give just account and reckoning before the King of the kings of kings, the Holy One' (*Pirke Aboth*, 4²⁹). 'Every one of us shall give account of himself to God' (Ro 14¹²; cf. 1 P 4⁵). The questions addressed to them men must answer. 'What then will they have to say in the Judgment, or how shall they answer in the last times?' (4 Es 7⁷³).

Before the Judge men cannot lie: 'None shall be able to utter a lying word before Him' (1 En 49⁴; cf. 62³); 'Before the Lord of Spirits none shall utter an idle word' (67⁹).

The faces of sinners shall be filled with darkness and shame: 'The Lord of Spirits will so press them that they shall hastily go forth from His presence, and their faces shall be filled with shame, and the darkness grow deeper on their faces' (1 En 62¹⁰; cf. 63¹¹, Wis 5^{1ff.}). They shall be rebuked by God (2 Bar 83³, 4 Es 7^{37f.}; cf. Sib. Or 3⁶⁶⁹, 1 Co 1⁸), or the Messiah (Ps Sol 17²⁷,

2 Bar 40¹, 4 Es 12^{32f. 37f.}, 13³⁷, Mt 25^{26f.}, etc.), and driven from the presence of the righteous (1 En 38³).

The righteous shall be distinguished and separated from the sinners (1 En 51², Ps Sol 2³⁸,

Mt 13^{41f. 49} 25³²). 'Then shall the names of the righteous be made manifest' (4 Es 14³⁵); and they shall be praised (Mt 25^{21. 23. 34ff.}, Jn 3²¹, 1 Co 4⁵), and obtain mercy (1 En 1⁸, Ps Sol 2³⁷ 13¹¹ 14⁶).

In the Study.

A Sermon by a Woman.

A VOLUME of sermons by a woman is a sufficiently unusual publication to arrest attention. In Scotland it is sure to be read with particular interest. For in one of the great Presbyterian Churches there the question of the ordination of women, even to the ministry, is under hopeful debate. One of the questions that have been asked is, Can a woman preach?

This woman can preach. Miss Helen Wodehouse, D.Phil., was formerly Lecturer in Philosophy in the University of Birmingham; she is now Principal of the Bingley Training College. The sermons were delivered to the women in training there. There are fifteen in this volume; its title is *Nights and Days* (Allen & Unwin; 4s. 6d. net). And every one of them is a sermon.

This woman can preach. To one of the sermons, inconspicuous in the middle of the volume, is given the name of 'Appearance and Reality.' We shall quote that sermon.

I.

'We all know the times when the roof seems to shut down upon us. The event comes to some people in the shape of boredom, to some as worry, to some as fear, to some as resentment; in all cases as something which closes in upon us, and prevents us from seeing round it or through it. We are shut in with ourselves and with some condition or incident in our own life. We are troubled, or jealous, or we have somebody or something "on our nerves," and the obsession presses in upon us and occupies all our field of view. The mood assures us that this is all there is of reality. We fuss and struggle and string ourselves up tight, and we breathe quick and short for lack of air.

'Some days are worse than others, but many of us must feel at times that we live almost continu-

ously without air enough, in a small room. The notions, "I have lost this, and nothing else matters," "I can't get this, and nothing else matters," "I am afraid of this, and there is no way round," succeed each other so steadily that we seem to live shut in with our own hot, petty, personal life, without being able to see anything beyond.

'Now it happens sometimes, when this is at its worst, that through mere exhaustion we reach a temporary relief. We come to a point of fatigue of nerves where for the moment we do not feel our trouble much, and when we say: "What does it matter after all? I am a very small creature; my life is a very small part of the world; and it will be all the same in a hundred years." This is only superficial change, of course—an effect of the temporary fatigue of desire, not a proof that we have penetrated deeper than desire. But it is a sign of the existence in us of something that does lie deeper than desire. The relaxation of tired nerves and muscles has made room for the exercise (even though in this case it is a rather crude and inaccurate exercise) of the sense of proportion. In this glimpse of the relative unimportance of what has blocked our way and our sight, we show that we can begin to understand perspective; to see, through the troublesome appearance, something of reality.

'Consider the significance of this power of escaping, even for a moment, from the prison of our own life. It is a peculiarly human achievement, a piece of freedom which, in any reflective form, no animal could reach. In this power of going below our immediate desire, and seeing beyond our immediate vision, we have the special strength of humanity. Consider it now, not only as it is when exhaustion gives it the opportunity to enter, but in the light of its general guidance and transformation of life.

'We as human beings, even when we can feel nothing but the appearance, are able partly to

know and remember reality. We can know that the world is bigger than our back parlour even when the walls and ceiling of the parlour are pressing most insistently upon us. Our little finite life shouts in our ear that it is all-exhaustive and all-important, and yet we are able to disbelieve it. This reasonableness, sense of justice, sense of proportion, is our special grasp of truth. A human being is able to put himself out beyond himself; to share a life which is larger than his own. Even in the midst of the bad dream we are able to know that it is a dream, that the walls are not really closed in upon us, that our feet actually are set in that "large room" which means liberty.

'So much we can know, by our human birthright, even while we are still half dreaming, and while the voices of our private life are still the most insistent of all. But sometimes we have more than this. Sometimes not only our knowledge of values but our feeling of values comes to itself. We wake out of the dream farther than usual; the voices adjust themselves more than usual; and, more than at other times, we not only know the truth but realize it. We have been shut in, apparently, by our little room. We have been staring at its ceiling close above our heads—a dark, irregular ceiling with foolish bright spots. We have been telling ourselves that this is not really a ceiling; but now for a moment we *see* it as sky and stars—shining worlds in the depths of space. Such a time it must have been when one of our oldest hymn-writers looked out of his personal life—dusty and narrow and trivial—and gave his verdict on the real universe: "Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory."

'It is curious that the word "visionary" should have come to suggest a person who is subject to illusions. The power of vision, the power of sight, surely, should be that which gives us reality by enabling us to see. Previously we were in the dark, hemmed in by obscurity, knowing nothing but what we could touch, and only clinging to the assurance that there was more beyond. Now we walk in the light for a time, and see where we are and what the world is. We see how the near and tangible things, the things temporal, contain and are set into the things eternal.

II.

'We see for a time, I said, where we are and what the world is. What is it, and where are we?

Let us try to describe a little what it is that, at these times of insight, we see.

'It is difficult to describe, partly because every one sees a slightly different aspect of truth from every one else, and generally exaggerates the difference as well. Probably we should not all recognize each other's descriptions. I can only do my best with my own.

'On the one hand, then, it seems to me, these times of vision are times of seeing better than usual the place and purpose of life. Our life seems often to be a mere foolish series of incidents, pleasant or unpleasant: one thing after another, one wave after another, one shapeless rough stone after another. Now, in the light, we see it still as one stone after another—for us to fit into a building. They signify nothing, but the life of which we are an organ can give them the fullest significance.

'Marcus Aurelius contemplates his court—the court of the later Roman Empire—luxurious and sensual and mean, trivial and stupid; and in the midst of his weariness he says, "It is possible to live well, even in a palace." The incidents of our life, and everybody's life, for long, long stretches, may be commonplace to the utmost or ugly to the utmost, but the endeavour to walk uprightly amongst them is not ugly or commonplace. Interruptions and worries and temptations, and our faults of character and limits of mind, and our stupidities and mistakes, past and present, are seen in the light to be not obstacles but building material; and our good fortune likewise, and our comfort and pleasure and delightful experiences, are building material. Even in a palace, even in a training college, even in an elementary school, even with one's own conditions and one's own body and mind, it is possible to live well.

'On the other hand, our eyes are opened to the splendour in the universe.

'This vision needs careful statement, because here especially we are apt to disagree in our descriptions of it. Some have described it as if at these times we saw that there was no evil in the world:

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound.

I believe this to be a mistake. The evil most definitely and positively exists. In the times of vision we see, I suggest, not the absence of evil, but the vastness and magnificence of the world in

addition to its evil. We see it to be splendid in spite of evil; and, more than that, we see it to be splendid because of evil overcome.

‘I read a while ago, in a foolish novel, a description of a man sentenced to be executed by being eaten alive by an animal. The author gave full details of the sentence and its carrying out, with the obvious intention of making the reader feel sick. Reality at this point was meant to be conceived as a tiny stifling room, full of hideousness and fear and pain.

‘Hideousness and fear and pain exist continually, and no description can exaggerate their intensity. Such things as the book described have happened, and are not done with yet. Let me now read you something written by a man to whom that thing did happen—scraps of letters scribbled by him after he had been destined to execution by being eaten alive by an animal, and whilst he was on his way to have the sentence carried out:—

“Suffer me to be food to the beasts, by whom I shall attain unto God. Pray unto Christ for me, that by these instruments I may be made the sacrifice of God. Now I begin to be a disciple. Nor shall anything move me, that I may attain to Jesus Christ. Let all the torments of the devil come upon me, only let me enjoy Jesus Christ. I would rather die for Jesus Christ than rule to the utmost ends of the earth. In the name of Jesus Christ I undergo all, to suffer together with him, he who was made a perfect man strengthening me.”—*Epistles of Ignatius*.

‘Earth was and is a place where such things could be done to a helpless man. Heaven has looked on at the doing of them. The most hideous accusations that can be brought are true. Because men, helpless, have been able to meet hideousness as Ignatius met it, therefore this also is true, “Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.”

‘The splendour that lights up the universe comes to different people in different ways. To some it comes through the peace of external Nature, or through the sight of beauty. Some find it by the help of science and history—in the vision of life struggling upwards, enduring and achieving, through all the ugliness and terror that beset it. To many Christians it comes through the Christian teaching. “God so loved the world.” “While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” To the writers of the *Te Deum* it came partly through Church history:

“The glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs.” There have been many more martyrs since that day, and the fellowship of prophets is still more goodly. For some of us, most fortunate, the splendour may have shone through persons we ourselves have known. We saw in them how life could glorify and save a situation. “We live,” says St. Paul of such people, “yet not we, but Christ liveth in us.” “The Word became flesh and dwelt among us,” and we beheld the glory.

‘That splendour, then, which is said to fill heaven and earth, must never be taken to exclude tragedy, because it must be capable of shining at its greatest through tragedy. The ugliness and the pain are actual and horrible. Only, while we see nothing but these, we have not seen the most important quality in them and the most telling and transforming factor in the world. Only when we see the glory as well as the horror are we seeing the universe in some sort as it really is. As love at its highest sees the glory of beloved persons round and through the ugliness and wickedness with which they have to struggle within and without, so religion at its highest sees the glory of the universe through its dreadfulness. The business of love and religion is to have the clearest eyes for truth, of which God says, “I am the Truth.”

III.

‘The difficulty is, of course, that love and religion are often out of reach of our feelings altogether. We go for days or months or years hemmed in by darkness. We look up and see apparently the spotted ceiling, and try as we may we cannot realize it as the starry sky. This inevitably will happen to each of us before the term is out, or before the week is out, if it is not so already. We shall fuss and fret and gasp as if we were really shut up in the little dim-lit room. Or, if matters are not so bad as this, at any rate we are sure to live for long periods in the prosaic mood which is like a dull day. We see the near landscape, but nothing at a distance; the grey sky, but not the depths of space.

‘When this comes, we shall have to make use of our human birthright of going below our feelings, to the will and the reason which know so much more than they. When we can see no farther than our hands can reach, we can still know that

the rest of the universe exists. We can know truth, and act in accordance with truth, when we cannot in the least feel truth.

'Moreover, if our will and reason hold fast, they can carry us through long periods of the blindness of our feelings almost as well as if our feelings could see. The shut-in moods of an honourable person seem to spoil his behaviour much less, on the whole, than he believes they must do. If we consider the persons we admire, we shall probably admit that the comings and goings of vision (which undoubtedly occur with them as with everybody else) are not often seriously apparent in their conduct. The flickering of our feeling makes a great deal of difference to ourselves, but not very much difference to others, if our will and our reason are steady.

'We have, then, to hold fast to right living, and to wait the time of the vision's coming back. One point is worth remembering—that it has a better chance of coming back if we are scrupulous in making right living cover the duty of truthful thinking. The less we shirk realizing what we know to be true, the less lazy we are about clear perception, the less we spoil our sight by playing with tempting imaginations and self-deceiving poses, the likelier are we soon to be able to see distances again. For this vision of reality is conditioned, not by flashes of intuition alone, but by the steady growth of reason and the growing power of faithfulness to reason.

'Meanwhile the solid facts will not be shaken because we cannot see, and the stars are more solid than any ceiling. It is worth while to assume that they are there. "I am the Truth." The end of the *Te Deum* in the best translation runs: "In thee have I trusted; I shall never be confounded."

Virginitus Puerisque.

I.

April.

'Let him become a fool that he may become wise.'—
1 Co 3¹⁸.

'I'm not going to be made a fool of!' The boy I heard say that was in the centre of a group; his face was red, and his eyes were flashing. He was angry. I did not stop to inquire why. Boys know how their companions and sometimes even

they themselves get out of temper. But I should like to ask each of you to tell me honestly what reasons a boy might have for saying such a thing as, 'I'm not going to be made a fool of.'

In your answers I think it is scarcely likely that any of you would mention the first of April in connexion with the matter. Yet, as you all know it is called 'All Fools' Day.' For a very long time it has been customary then, for young people, to send each other on ridiculous and absurd errands. A little girl I once knew, as soon as she got up on the first of April, used to say to herself, 'I'll not let anybody make an "April fool" of me.' But often those who are surest of themselves are the first to get caught in the trap. A clever boy was told that his mother wanted him to go to a farm near his home for some pigeon's milk. He went. And long ago I heard of two very little children—a boy and girl—being made happy by the cook promising to give them a great treat for tea. Strange to say, on that first of April there was a big snowstorm. 'If you bring me in four of the whitest snowballs you can make, I will boil them for your tea. They'll be very tasty.' After a bit she asked the children to look into the saucepan. Of course the beautiful snowballs had disappeared. The cook laughed with all her might as she said, 'It's the first of April.' They were children who had been trained not to get angry; the boy joined in the laugh, but the little girl was nearly crying, as she said, 'Nasty, mean cook, I will play a trick on you.'

I feel sure that not many of you or your companions ever got angry at being 'caught' on the first of April. What were the words I read from my Calendar that morning do you think?

SATURDAY, 1ST APRIL.

All Fools' Day.

Anger alas! how it changes the comely face,
How it destroys the loveliness of beauty.

'The fool who is angered and thinks to triumph by the use of abusive language is always vanquished by him whose words are patient.'

These are wise words, and they are taken from the writings of a great Indian teacher. They give big reasons why it is foolish and wrong to get angry. When we think of it, even the first of April fooling sharpens one's wits, if it does nothing

else. We become fools that we may be wise. You recognize the text, don't you?

Most of you remember the time when you knew less than you do now. Did you ever look out at the rainbow, and long to walk on and on until you came to the end of it? There are stories of children who actually set out, and made the sad discovery that the beautiful rainbow was something that vanished. They could never get to the end of it. Then there are autumn mornings when dewdrops hang on the tall field grasses like diamonds. Have you little girls ever tried to carry those bejewelled grasses into the house? I have seen a poor child trying to put one in her hair. The jewels suddenly vanished. She just looked. I don't know what she thought. But the great Father was teaching her: she was a fool that she might be wise.

April fooling may be made a parable of our life. We older people remember our childhood, we remember the training at school, we remember experiences that came later. We were made fools that we might become wise. You boys and girls have ambitions; you plan things as we did. Perhaps some of your quests have already proved as fruitless and disappointing as the child's quest of the rainbow. A girl meets some one who, she thinks, will be a great friend to her. She tells that friend everything, for she loves her with a trusting, unselfish love. But a day comes when she discovers that the one she called by the name of *friend* has betrayed her—has told her secrets to others. Her love was a fool's errand, so to speak—a will-o'-the-wisp. She wept bitter tears. God was teaching her. She was made a fool that she might be wise.

We are slow to learn. Think of some old man who had been trying to follow Christ all his life coming into this pulpit, and telling you many of the sad things that had happened to him. You would say, 'Poor old man, poor old man!' before he had reached the end of his story. That, I feel sure, would be all about God's patience with him, and how, through his mistakes, He had taught him wisdom.

Long ago, I used to drink out of a little delf jug. I liked that jug very much because there were pictures on it—and this motto, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn at no other.'

On the first of April you made up your minds

not to be fooled, and, if you were 'caught,' not to lose your temper. You meant to play the game. This April morning I want to ask you to 'play the game' in life. Sometimes you may seem to be on the losing side, but never mind: it is God's way. He leaves us to our own battles that we may learn wisdom.

I had a boy friend who set out on life with wonderful eagerness. He loved games, he loved life, and he loved the people who were about him. If he were here to-day he would tell us of having made many mistakes. But he would add that God had let him be a fool just that he might be wise.

God took him away from the world when he was quite a young man—older in years than you boys and girls, but as young in heart. Not long before the end he said, 'I know what the fellows will be saying. It will be, "Poor Grant, poor Grant!"' Then he added with a laugh, 'That's all they know about it; it is Life Eternal.'

Even then he was playing the game. You, I hope, are going to live. You build up your manhood and womanhood when you are yet boys and girls. And there is no better lesson that I can give you to remember this April morning than the words of our text:

'If any man thinketh that he is wise among you in this world, let him become a fool that he may be wise.'

II.

The Lost Garden.

'And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden.'
—Gn 2^d.

I wonder how many of you have gardens of your own—I don't mean your father's and mother's garden, but your very own little plot of ground, where you dig with your very own spade, and water with your very own watering-can, and sow your very own seeds, bought with your very own pennies. I hope a great many of you have 'very own' gardens, because a 'very own' garden is a place where you can be very happy. I am always sorry for the boys and girls who live in streets where there are no gardens, but even they could have a little garden of their very own by growing seeds in pots.

To-day we are going to have a talk about gardens. I wonder if any of you ever thought about the gardens in the Bible. There are four chief ones, and they are all very important.

1. The first one is *the Garden of Eden*—the garden that man lost. I am going to call it the Garden of Disobedience.

When God wished to make the first man happy, He put him into a garden because He knew it was the very best home for him. God surrounded Adam with many good and beautiful things. Never was there a garden where the grass was so green or the flowers so gorgeous. All day long the birds sang on the giant trees, and through the midst of the garden flowed a clear and sparkling river. On the trees grew all manner of delicious fruits. And lest Adam should feel lonely, God gave him Eve to be his companion.

You remember how Adam and Eve lost their beautiful garden. In the midst of the garden grew a tree called the 'tree of the knowledge of good and evil.' God told Adam and Eve that they might eat of the fruit of every tree in the garden except that one. Now perhaps you will imagine that when God had given the man and woman so many good and beautiful things they would wish to obey Him; but just think a little harder.

Supposing some one gave you a beautiful palace to live in, and supposing they told you that you might wander about, at your will, in all the rooms except one (of which the door was locked), wouldn't you wish far more to see into that locked room than into all the others? The very fact that it was forbidden to you would make you wish to get into it. You would imagine all sorts of things about it—that it must contain something of special interest to you, or that something you very much desired was hidden in it. Then supposing that one day you found the key of the room, what would you do? I think you would be very much tempted to fit it into the lock, and open the door.

Well, it was just like that with Adam and Eve. They kept thinking and thinking about that tree until they felt they must just have a taste of it. Instead of driving the thought out of their heads, they kept on thinking about it, until, at last, when the serpent tempted Eve, she was quite ready to give in to the temptation, and when Eve tempted Adam, *he* was ready to fall.

Don't you think it was a pity that Adam and Eve lost their beautiful garden for such a little thing? Don't you think it was a pity they hadn't been a little firmer, and resisted the temptation? But there was something much sadder than the

loss of the garden, and that was that sin had crept into the world. Adam and Eve lost something much more precious than the garden, they lost their innocence and their peace with God.

2. The second garden was *the Garden of Gethsemane*—the Garden of Obedience.

This garden was somewhere on the side of the Mount of Olives. It was quite a small place, but Christ used to love to go there with His disciples for quiet and rest, and it was thither He came on that night in which He was betrayed. We can never know the anguish Jesus suffered then. The burden of the whole world's sin pressed on Him, and His soul shrank from it. And yet He prayed, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' He won the victory over temptation, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross.

And why did Jesus suffer like that? He suffered to undo the harm that had been begun in Eden, to break down the barrier of sin that man had set up between God and himself, and to make a way for us all to get back to God.

3. The third garden was the garden where Christ was buried—*the Garden of the Resurrection*.

Do you remember how Joseph of Arimathæa came and asked that he might take away the body of Jesus and bury it? And he laid it in a garden, in a new tomb hewn out of a rock, wherein no man had ever been laid.

It was in this garden that, on Easter morning, Christ gained the victory over death. And so by His death and resurrection Christ won back the gift which Adam and Eve, by their disobedience, forfeited that day in Eden—the gift of Eternal Life.

4. The last garden is *the Garden of Paradise*—the garden which Christ has won back for us.

Fair as the garden of Eden was, this garden is a thousand times fairer, for there sin cannot enter in, nor pain, nor sorrow. You will find a description of it if you turn to the very last chapter of the very last book in the Bible: 'And he shewed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, in the midst of the street thereof. And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, yielding its fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. . . . And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.'

Jesus has made it possible for each of us to reach that beautiful garden, if we will put our hand in His, and let Him lead us there. But until we reach that fair place He has given to each of us a garden to keep and till for Him—the garden of our soul. Some other day I shall tell how we must keep these gardens of ours so that they may be made fit for the beautiful Garden of Paradise.

The Lord God planted a garden
In the first white days of the world;
And set there an angel warden,
In a garment of light enfurled.

So near to the peace of Heaven,
The hawk might nest with the wren;
For there in the cool of the even,
God walked with the first of men.

And I dream that these garden closes,
With their shade and their sun-flecked sod,
And their lilies and bowers of roses,
Were laid by the hand of God.

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth—
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.¹

III.

I Should Trust You.

'I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live,'—Jn 11²⁵.

I wonder if you have ever heard of the Catacombs at Rome? About four hundred years ago, a labourer was digging his vineyard, near the city of Rome, when he came upon an opening leading into the depths of the earth. He cleared away the soil and rubbish which choked it, and found that it was the entrance to a long underground gallery. When it was examined it was found that the man had discovered an ancient burial-place which had been forgotten for centuries. This was the place where the early Christians buried their dead for some hundreds of years. The rock is soft, and long galleries were cut in it, with shafts leading up to the surface, to give air. Along the sides narrow niches were cut, just large enough to hold the dead, and closed with slabs. Rooms opened off

the passages in which families were buried together. There the tombs were often like square tables against the walls, with square or round arches over them. Those passages and rooms stretched for miles and miles under the ground, and in some places stairs cut in the rock led down to lower galleries cut in the same way. There were sometimes as many as seven underneath one another. Here several millions of people must have been buried.

You have heard very likely of the fierce persecution of the early Christians. The people of Rome were pagans, and they worshipped many gods, and even their emperors. When the Christians were ordered to sacrifice to the Emperor, they could not do it. They could not be unfaithful to the one true God in whom they believed. So many of them were dragged to prison, and suffered cruel torture and death rather than deny their faith. They were brought into the arena of the theatre, while thousands of people sat around, and tossed by bulls, or wild beasts were let loose upon them. This was sport for the cruel Roman people, who shouted with delight as they saw the lions and tigers leap upon the poor defenceless men, women, and children, and tear them to pieces.

In the Catacombs some of these Christian martyrs were buried. Here, too, when persecution was very hot, the Christians took refuge. In the winding passages, and strange little corners and recesses they were able to hide from those who were hunting them with torches, for, of course, there is no light at all down there, and, as there are several entrances, they sometimes escaped by one when their enemies entered at the other.

Sometimes they had religious services in the Catacombs, when they dared not have them openly, and the Communion was celebrated on the rock tomb of some saint, as it now is on the altars of our churches, which were copied in shape from them.

The city of Rome was very wicked. A great many of the people were slaves, and the rich, who were their owners, cared only for indulging themselves in all kinds of pleasure; and some very sinful pleasures. One of their favourite amusements was to watch gladiators fighting and killing each other; and to see the Christians thrown to the lions was just an amusing sight, as a circus is to you. The Christians were mostly poor humble people who lived quiet innocent lives, in the midst of

¹ D. F. Gurney.

evil, and when they died they were buried in these Catacombs underneath the sinful city. Yet, though they were poor and unknown, and often cruelly killed, if you read the inscriptions which they cut rudely in the rock, or painted in red or black letters, you find only hope and peace. 'Catacomb' is a name given to the burial-places later, the early Christians called them 'cemeteries,' which means sleeping-places, because they thought of their friends as sleeping, not dead, and knew that they should one day meet them again. They cut out in the rock many symbols of their faith, the meaning of which was clear to themselves, but unknown to those who persecuted them. The favourite was the Shepherd and His sheep, in memory of the Good Shepherd. Sometimes He is carrying a lamb on His shoulder. Then there was the vine, because Christ called Himself the Vine, and His people the branches, the palm branch as a symbol of victory, and the olive branch as a symbol of peace, an anchor for hope, and a harp for joy, an ark for the Church in which sinners find refuge, a dove for the Holy Spirit, and bread and wine for the Eucharist.

On the pagan tombs of this period you read inscriptions which show their hopeless grief. They died unwillingly, snatched away from all they loved, but the Christians went gladly, knowing they were going to their Saviour, and those who were left looked forward to meeting them again. So you read on the tomb of a pagan girl this inscription :

'I, Procope, lift up my hands against God who took me hence, though I was innocent. She lived 20 years.'

She died rebelling against a will stronger than her own. Now, look at this on the tomb of a Christian girl :

'To Adeodata, a worthy virgin, and she rests in peace, her Christ commanding her.'

To her, death was just a call from her Saviour, which she obeyed.

There is a boy buried in a pagan burying-place who had been very dearly loved by his parents. When he died, they felt they had lost everything. So they cut on his tomb :

'Our hope was in our boy ; now all is ashes and lamentation.' But the parents of the Christian boy Marcus, though they no doubt loved him just as well, wrote :

'Marcus, innocent boy, you have already begun to be among the innocent. Let us cease weeping.'

Another inscription says : 'Terentianus lives.' He was not dead to them, he had only gone before them.

There are a great many children buried here, and their parents have written over them in their rudely shaped letters such things as these :

'Innocent little lamb.'

'Little lamb of God.'

'My little guileless dove.'

'Florentius, an infant, lived 7 years, and received rest.'

And they buried with them some of their toys. A little girl had her little ivory doll buried with her.

You may see here some of the names mentioned by St. Paul in his letters, such as Phœbe, Prisca, Aquilius, Onesimus, Philemon, Ampliatus, some of them possibly belonging to these very people.

Now what was it that made the difference between those people, the poor despised people who could meet death calmly, and look forward with hope to a future life, and meeting their friends again, and those others who lost all when they lost life, and who, when their dear ones died, said farewell to them for ever ?

It was the coming of Christ into the world. He said, 'I am the resurrection and the life : he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live.' 'I go,' He said, 'to prepare a place for you ; that where I am, ye may be also.' So henceforth His people may have no fear. Week by week we remind ourselves of this when we say in the Creed, 'I believe in the resurrection of the dead,' and every year at Easter we keep the feast in memory of the resurrection of our Lord, which has changed life and death for us.

The Bishop of London was once visiting a dying girl. She was afraid to die. He said to her, 'Would you be afraid if I were to pick you up and carry you into the next room ?' 'Oh no,' she said ; 'I should trust you.' 'Well,' he said, 'think of some One ten thousand times stronger and kinder than I am just coming and picking you up, and taking you into the next room.' 'I will think of that,' she said, and died without fear.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !

Like the bright, slanting west,
Thou leadest down into the glow

Where all those heaven-bound sunsets go,
Ever from toil to rest.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
 Thither where sorrows cease,
 To a new life, to an old past,
 Softly and silently we haste
 Into a land of peace.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
 E'en children, after play,
 Lie down without the least alarm,
 And sleep in thy maternal arm
 Their little life away.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
 Straight to our Father's home:
 All loss were gain that gained us this—
 The sight of God, that single bliss
 Of the grand world to come!¹

IV.

Faith and Answered Prayer.

'Believing, ye shall receive.' These words might be taken as the text of a simple, suitable sermonette for children on 'Faith and Answered Prayer,' which is contained in Dr. R. F. Horton's new book entitled *The Children's Crusade* (Stockwell; 1s. net). This is the sermon. It is a fair example.

'First of all, children, I must tell you that I got a letter from some one in this congregation saying, "I have just found for *myself* that God's grace is sufficient for me." That is a beautiful discovery. And in this letter it says that there was an evil thought always coming into the mind, so strong that it could not be *resisted*, it seemed *impossible* to resist—and yet this trusting soul had found the power to resist, had found the "grace sufficient."

'Now what I should like to say to you, children, this morning is that very often the Faith is strongest where everything else is most against you. I do not think that the people who have everything as they like it ever find out the Power of Christ. It is when things are just what you *don't* like, and when everything seems against you, that Faith seems to bubble up like a spring in the desert.

'Now let me tell you one little incident. There was a little girl in India named Kara, and as an orphan she was doomed to slavery, and the worst kind of slavery. But the missionary came from the village about a day's journey off to visit the village where Kara lived. And Kara said to her,

¹ F. W. Faber.

"Will you take me to your home and save me?" And the missionary said very sadly, "There is no room; I have no means to take you home." But she said before she left to this little Indian girl, "You pray to God to make the way, and I will pray too." So she left, and went back, and when she got back to her own home there was a letter and it enclosed a totally unexpected gift, £2, from home. And the missionary said, "Why, that means I can take Kara." And the first thing in the morning she sent off a messenger to the village to fetch Kara. To her surprise the messenger came back about midday, though it was a *day's* journey off, and can you guess why? He had met Kara half-way, and the little child said in explanation, "You see you asked God to make the way, and so did I, and I thought therefore I might come," and she had set out on the way before she was fetched.

'Dear children, I won't say that all our prayers are *immediately* answered, but I will say this, that the great lesson you have to learn is that God can and will answer your prayer. His Grace is sufficient for *you*.'

Point and Illustration.

Clara Barton.

Clara Barton ought to have had such a biography as Sir Edward Cook has given us of Florence Nightingale. For she too was a nurse in war, and as great. She went alone into the firing-line at the beginning of the American Civil War, gathered assistants (all men) round her by the force of her personality, compelled officers, and even officials, to recognize her and furnish her with the necessities of the wounded, and did single-handed the work that is now done by a great Red Cross organization. There was no Red Cross then. It was Clara Barton herself who did at last compel the United States Government to recognize the Red Cross movement. But that was long after the Civil War. And even in the war with Spain there seems to have been no reliable organization for the succour of the wounded. Again Clara Barton was at the front, and in circumstances scarcely less distressing than at the beginning of the Civil War.

But it was not for the United States only that she nursed and nourished the wounded in battle. She went through the Franco-Prussian War, officially as a captive of the Prussians, for no otherwise could

she get to the fighting-line, but really distributing her efforts as freely among the French.

And when she was not nursing, she was striving hard to find lost sons and restore them to their mothers if alive, or identify their graves if dead—a wonderful achievement of well-directed sympathy; or she was worrying the government to do something for the proper care of War's shattered sons in the future. She could write as well as she could nurse. This biography, *The Life of Clara Barton* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net), by Mr. Percy H. Epler, is almost entirely a transcript from Clara Barton's own letters and diaries. She could write and she could speak. What was there that she could not do? One thing only. She could not think of herself.

The biography is not all that it might have been, but no biography of a woman has been written for many a day that will match it in interest and amazement.

An apprenticeship in nursing.—Clara Barton's home was a humble one, but it was in the country. At five years old she rode wild horses like a Mexican. At eleven, one of her brothers had an accident and lay on his back for two years. There was no one to nurse him but Clara. For two years she only left his bedside for one half-day. 'Her family forgot the physical effects upon her until, at David's recovery, they woke to find her growth arrested at what should have been the growing age. "So little!" This was the epithet applied to her. She had not grown an inch in two years nor increased a pound! She was but five feet three inches tall—nor was she ever taller.'

On the battlefield.—She was forty years of age when the Civil War broke out. She had done some teaching and other helpfulness, but her call came then, and she obeyed. The wounded were being brought all the way to Washington. 'After they reached Washington they were now well enough cared for in hospitals and through private generosity, she explained, but at the front all was neglect. She had looked around to see if other women had broken through the lines. But then there were none. She herself must go first to the battle front, where the men lay uncared for. When, after the rebuffs of months, Quartermaster Rucker showed sympathy and insight enough to grant her the passports, she burst into tears—then hurriedly departing, she immediately loaded her supplies upon a railroad car and started.'

She recalled these incidents of Bull Run and other battles: 'The slight, naked chest of a fair-haired lad caught my eye, and dropping down beside him, I bent low to draw the remnant of his torn blouse about him, when with a quick cry he threw his left arm across my neck and, burying his face in the folds of my dress, wept like a child at his mother's knee. I took his head in my hands and held it until his great burst of grief had passed away. "And do you know me?" he asked at length, "I am Charley Hamilton, who used to carry your satchel home from school!" My faithful pupil, poor Charley. That mangled right arm would never carry a satchel again.'

'A man lying upon the ground asked for a drink, I stopped to give it, and having raised him with my right hand, was holding him. Just at this moment a bullet sped its free and easy way between us, tearing a hole in my sleeve and found its way into his body. He fell back dead. There was no more to be done for him, and I left him to his rest. I have never mended that hole in my sleeve. I wonder if a soldier ever does mend a bullet hole in his coat?'

'The patient endurance of these men was most astonishing. As many as could be were carried into the barn, as a slight protection against random shot. Just outside the door lay a man wounded in the face, the ball having entered the lower maxillary on the left side, and lodged among the bones of the right cheek. His imploring look drew me to him, when placing his finger upon the sharp protuberance, he said, "Lady, will you tell me what this is that burns so?" I replied that it must be the ball which had been too far spent to cut its way entirely through.

"It is terribly painful," he said. "Won't you take it out?"'

'I said I would go to the tables for a surgeon. "No! no!" he said, catching my dress. "They cannot come to me. I must wait my turn, for this is a little wound. You can get the ball. There is a knife in your pocket. Please take the ball out for me."

'This was a new call. I had never severed the nerves and fibres of human flesh, and I said I could not hurt him so much. He looked up, with as nearly a smile as such a mangled face could assume, saying, "You cannot hurt me, dear lady, I can endure any pain that your hands can create. Please do it. It will relieve me so much."

'I could not withstand his entreaty, and opening the best blade of my pocket knife, prepared for the operation. Just at his head lay a stalwart orderly sergeant from Illinois, with a face beaming with intelligence and kindness, and who had a bullet directly through the fleshy part of both thighs. He had been watching the scene with great interest, and when he saw me commence to raise the poor fellow's head, and no one to support it, with a desperate effort he succeeded in raising himself to a sitting posture, exclaiming as he did so, "I will help do that." Shoving himself along the ground he took the wounded head in his hands and held it while I extracted the ball and washed and bandaged the face.

'I do not think a surgeon would have pronounced it a scientific operation, but that it was successful I dared to hope from the gratitude of the patient.

'I assisted the sergeant to lie down again, brave and cheerful as he had risen, and passed on to others.

'Returning in half an hour, I found him weeping, the great tears rolling diligently down his manly cheeks. I thought his effort had been too great for his strength and expressed my fears. "Oh! No! No! Madam," he replied. "It is not for myself. I am very well, but," pointing to another just brought in, he said, "this is my comrade, and he tells me that our regiment is all cut to pieces, that my captain was the last officer left, and he is dead."

'Oh! God—what a costly war! This man could laugh at pain, face death without a tremor, and yet weep like a child over the loss of his comrades and his captain.'

Armenia.—After the Franco-Prussian War was over, and after some terrible disasters in America—fires, floods, earthquakes—had claimed her services, Miss Barton heard of the Armenian massacres. She determined to face the Sublime Porte in person. At seventy-five years of age she departed for the Orient. 'Arriving in London, February 6, 1897, she set out promptly for Turkey by way of Vienna. She paused to secure certain permission to enter the Ottoman Empire. This finally received, she proceeded to Constantinople.' She interviewed Tewfik Pasha. 'Turning to me, he said: "We know you, Miss Barton; have long known you and your work. We would like to hear from you, your plans for relief and what you desire."

'Four great expeditions in all, the Red Cross sent through Armenian Turkey, from sea to sea, distributing, repairing, replanting, and resettling survivors in homes.

'When the fugitives were once reinstated in their houses and villages, food and clothes, seeds, sickles, knives, looms and wheels were provided. Even the cattle driven off by the Kurds into the mountain passes were bought or reclaimed. To these two thousand plow-oxen were added.'

Old age.—'Even to close observers Clara Barton did not grow old—a fact well exemplified by a reporter's description of her in her eighty-fifth year as "a middle-aged woman." When she was over seventy, another wrote: "Clara Barton is a woman of fifty or thereabouts, whose face corresponds with the ideal that one might form of her character. Her hair is that rare thing in nature—artists sometimes call it an impossible thing—raven black. It is thick, heavy hair, a burden to the comb, and she wears it after the simple fashion of our mothers and grandmothers, drawn in satiny waves over the ears and pinned up in loose curls behind. Her eyes are like her hair, very dark and very bright. Her features are regular, but one hardly notices them, for the rare beam of good-will that shines out from the soul through the countenance."

'When she was eighty-nine and the guest in Chicago at the May festival of the Social Economic Club, she described her "duties" as consisting in "receiving and shaking hands with *two thousand persons*," and then "sitting down to the May breakfast at one o'clock with eleven hundred, leaving the table at four P.M."

Back in battle.—'Two nights before she died she opened her eyes, and said:

"I dreamed I was back in battle. I waded in blood up to my knees. I saw death as it is on the battlefield. The poor boys with arms shot off and legs gone, were lying on the cold ground, with no nurses and no physicians to do anything for them. I saw the surgeons coming, too much needed by all to give special attention to any one. Once again I stood by them and witnessed those soldiers bearing their soldier pains, limbs being sawed off without any opiates being taken, or even, a bed to lie on: I crept around once more, trying to give them at least a drink of water to cool their parched lips, and I heard them at last speak of mother and wives and sweethearts, but never a

murmur or complaint. Then I woke to hear myself groan because I have a stupid pain in my back, that's all. Here on a good bed, with every attention! I am ashamed that I murmur!"

'Two days after, at 9 o'clock in the morning, not as to end life, but as if to fly to new fields of service, she breathed her *last*—crying out: "Let me go!—Let me go!"'

The Hearer of Prayer.

Mr. Arthur Mercer (Rozel, Wimbledon) has written a number of booklets for the soldiers and sailors. They go by the name of the W.S.M.U. Series. Number 6 is entitled *Does He Really Hear?* This is how the little book begins: 'Some time ago, a Cambridge man, on his way to India to take up his life-work, wrote telling me an incident in his experiences on board a P. & O. Liner. I feel I cannot do better than give it in his own words.

' "In the Indian Ocean.

"Last night, having obtained permission from the Captain, I paid a visit to the Marconi Room. It is on the bridge deck, just behind the chart room. If you did not know the importance of the cabin you might easily pass it by, for on the outside it looks quite ordinary and insignificant.

"On entering I found the operator seated working his machine, an ordinary young fellow of about twenty-five. He did not look a great athlete, nor did he seem exceptionally clever, nor did he appear to possess any outstanding advantages in life, but for all that he was one of the most important men on board. And why? Simply because he had learnt the art of wireless telegraphy.

No one but he could speak to unseen people across the water.

"As I sat in his cabin, he got in touch with Bombay—a place over 800 miles away. The operator soon discovered that his machine was out of tune with the one at Bombay, and wanted adjusting—it was no use trying to get messages from Bombay, or to Bombay, till he was in tune, so he gave up trying till he had tuned his machine to the Bombay instrument. It was not wasted time getting into tune—no, it was vitally important if he wanted to hold communication with that distant port.

"When the instrument had been adjusted a message came through for one of the passengers on board. It was interesting to watch the operator's face as he listened to the message from Bombay. The outside world was lost to him—he must not miss a syllable of it—it might be of great importance to the person to whom it was sent. Then when Bombay had done speaking, the operator sent three messages through.

"As I watched him it all seemed so wonderful to me, but to him it was nothing strange, for he was accustomed to talking to an unseen person and getting messages back. The operator at the other end was a living reality to him.

"As later in the evening I knelt in my cabin—prayer had become a new thing to me. I saw as never before that if only my life were in tune with God, if it were only perfectly adjusted to His will, it was *certain* that I could get into communication with Him, He could send messages to me, and I could send messages to Him.

"The Marconi operator fully realizes the wonderful power at his disposal, and makes constant use of it."

Is the Fourth Gospel a Literary Unity?

BY THE REV. R. H. STRACHAN, M.A., B.A., CAMBRIDGE.

IV.

WELLHAUSEN (*Das Evangelium Johannis*, pp. 91 ff.) has, it seems to me, brought forward conclusive reason for regarding 20²⁻¹⁰ as an insertion. The following are based on his argument.

- (1) On general grounds, the story of the race between Peter and John is incongruous with the pathos of the rest of the scene.
- (2) In v.¹¹, Mary is represented as standing

where she was in v.¹. She appears to have made no movement to summon Peter and John.

- (3) When Mary looks into the grave in v.¹², what she sees is different from what the other two saw.
- (4) The words in v.^{2b}, ἦραν τὸν κύριον . . . ἔθηκαν αὐτόν, occur again in v.^{18b}. We may note also the addition of the pronoun in τὸν κ. μου in the latter verse, as distinct from τὸν κύριον in v.^{2b}, where Κύριος is no longer a religious title, but a proper name (see under 4¹⁻³ (1)). The statement in v.²⁶ is out of place, inasmuch as Mary is not yet said to have looked into the sepulchre.
- (5) Also οἶδαμεν is used in v.²⁶, whilst οἶδα occurs in v.^{18b}. In the former case, R is thinking of the Synoptic story where there are several women at the grave.
- (6) To these may be added another fact, also pointed out by Wellhausen, that Mary's commission to the disciples is mentioned only in v.¹⁷. It is unlikely that she should thus be introduced twice: (1) as the medium of communication regarding the fact of the open grave (v.²); (2) as bringing the news of the ascension (v.¹⁷).

In connexion with (6) it may further be noted that the message which Mary delivers in 12¹⁸ leaves out, or states only vaguely under ταῦτα, what Jesus has said in v.¹⁷. The message of v.¹⁷ is vital to the Johannine thought. The Ascension is represented as just about to take place, immediately following on the Resurrection. This is in accordance with the conditions necessary to the bestowal of the Holy Spirit. The Spirit is not given until Jesus is glorified (7³⁹), and the Ascension is a moment, according to the Johannine conception, in the glorification of Jesus. The Ascension is conceived of as taking place sometime between the events of vv.^{16, 17}, and vv.¹⁹⁻²³. Mary is not allowed to 'touch' (ἅπτομαι) Jesus, because the form in which He appears to her is not His abiding Presence. That can be given only after the Ascension. The appearance to the assembled disciples is of a more majestic and more mysterious kind than that to Mary. It is a manifestation of His abiding Presence with them. The conception of the 'little while' in 16^{16ff}. finds its realization in the short interval between the

Resurrection and the Ascension, and the 'coming again' to bestow the Holy Spirit.

All this is ignored in 20¹⁸. Mary simply says that she has seen the Lord, as though this were her message. Yet her message is not altogether new to the disciples; for according to R, Peter and John have already 'believed' on account of what they saw at the empty tomb (12⁸).¹ They are not entirely dependent on Mary's message. On these grounds, coupled with the fact that ὁ Κύριος is again used as a proper name, v.¹⁸ is to be referred to R.

Similarly the words ἐχάρησαν . . . τὸν κύριον belong to R. The emphasis here again is on a post-resurrection vision of Jesus, as though it were of the same kind as the vision of Mary in the garden. The words ignore the special significance of the wounds for the Johannine conception. John conceives the Cross as the first step towards the 'glorifying' of Jesus. On the Cross He is 'lifted up,' and the showing of the wounds is a reminder that the Death, Resurrection, and Ascension are all moments in the same continuous fact of the glorifying of Jesus. He is now prepared to send the disciples forth on their mission (v.²¹), equipped with the Holy Spirit. The Spirit is communicated in a creative fashion, like the breathing in Gn 2⁷ (vv.^{22, 23}).

What, then, may be conceived to be the purpose of R's additions up to this point in the chapter? They seem to spring from two motives.

- (1) He regards it as unsatisfactory that the first news of the Resurrection, the Empty Tomb, and the Ascension should be communicated through Mary to the disciples (v.¹⁷). He seeks to make the Magdalene share the priority with Peter.
- (2) He is concerned to establish, if not the priority of the Petrine tradition, at least its concurrence with the Johannine (v.⁴). This he seeks to effect in the story of the race to the tomb, where, though John arrives first, Peter is the first to enter. Peter is outstripped by John in the race, but special emphasis is laid on the fact that although John came first to the tomb, he entered in last (v.⁸).² The

¹ The singular εἶδεν, ἐπίστευσεν does not include the idea that Peter also saw and believed. The point is that Peter 'saw' before John.

² The tradition of the running of Peter is paralleled by Lk 24¹², where, however, the verse is not genuine.

words 'saw and believed' seem to apply to John only, but they are really predicated of him alone, in order to emphasize that this happened to him, not before, but after Peter had 'seen' or 'beheld' (θεωρεῖ, v.⁶). θεωρεῖ (= 'look at with deep interest') is contrasted with βλέπει (v.⁵, = glance), used of ὁ ἄλλος μαθητής. Finally John 'saw and believed' (εἶδεν καὶ ἐπίστευσεν).¹ The phrase may be compared with 20²⁹, and indicates that there is a still deeper and fuller faith, which rests principally on belief in Scripture (i.e. prophecy of the Resurrection, v.⁹). It is possible for those who had not the opportunity of 'seeing' either the empty tomb, or the Risen Body of Jesus (cf. 16^{7b}, 2²²), and is intended to meet a particular problem.

- (3) In general, the Johannine account of the Resurrection as contrasted with R's conception, is intended to minimize the sense of dependence on the fact of the empty tomb, as a necessity for Christian faith. Christians have the *alter ego* of Jesus, the Spirit, who, it was promised, would come to them (cf. 16^{7ff.}). It is remarkable that in chap. 20 the several moments of Resurrection, Ascension, and Pentecost are 'telescoped' in the Johannine account. In vv.¹¹⁻¹⁷ Mary has a vision of Jesus, and recognized Him by His voice. v.^{17b}, as we have seen, can only mean that the Ascension takes place between v.¹⁷ and v.¹⁹. In vv.^{19-21a}, the appearance of Jesus is more mysterious, and more majestic, than the appearance to Mary. He enters through closed doors, and they recognize Him by His wounds. He has gained the victory over death, and comes as a Victor, bringing 'Peace' (v.¹⁹, 21). vv.²²⁻²³ contain John's account of Pentecost. The Pauline conception of the Spirit has done its work. The Spirit is not confined to the gift of miraculous intermittent powers (1 Co 12-13), not in ecstatic phenomena, but in a continuous gift of moral judgment, moral decision, and of the power to preach the gospel of love and

forgiveness (20²³). As in Paul, so in John, Christians are transformed into the same image or 'glory' by the vision of the glorified Jesus, through the influence of His Spirit (2 Co 3¹⁸).

R evidently feels that this type of faith is incomplete without greater emphasis on the miracle of the Empty Tomb, just as he feels that the story of Lazarus is incomplete, unless Jesus raised him from the grave. Hence the insertion of vv.²⁻¹⁰, which are based upon another type of tradition.

The incident of the appearance to Thomas must also be regarded as belonging to R. The arguments have been succinctly stated by Spitta (*op. cit.* pp. 398 ff.) and Wellhausen (*op. cit.* pp. 94 f.). The following are founded on theirs, and include some additional ones.

1. The Gospel naturally reaches its *finale* at vv.²²⁻²³, with the bestowal of the Holy Spirit (cf. Mt 28^{16ff.}, Lk 24^{36ff.}).

2. In v.²⁵ ἐώρακαμεν τὸν κύριον is paralleled by similar words in v.¹⁸. The vision of Jesus is evidently regarded as one that occurred before the Ascension. The thought of v.¹⁷ is ignored.

3. The occurrence described in vv.²⁴⁻²⁹ is not contemplated in vv.²²⁻²³; otherwise Thomas would not have received the Holy Spirit along with the others.

4. The idea that Thomas never expected to see Jesus alive again is founded on 11¹⁶.

5. The spurious ending to Mark (16⁹⁻²⁰) is evidently based, at least partially, on Jn 20. The writer agrees in assigning the first appearance to Mary* Magdalene; then he mentions the Emmaus incident; then an appearance to the eleven. There is no room here for a final appearance to Thomas.

6. The words of v.²⁷ to Thomas are inconsistent with the prohibition of v.¹⁷ to Mary.

7. v.²⁹ recalls the words εἶδεν καὶ ἐπίστευσεν in v.⁸. It is impossible to resist the impression that R is anxious in v.⁸ to bring John himself under the category of those who 'saw and believed,' although the faith which was founded on a vision of the empty tomb is not to be regarded as the highest form. He has in mind those for whom the absence of such proof was a real religious difficulty. It may comfort them to know that in the case both of John and of Thomas their

¹The SS reads, 'They saw and believed.' Chrysostom also assumes that both disciples 'saw and believed.'

faith had to be transformed into a higher and more permanent experience.

8. Grammatical Points.

(1) ἡλων (v.²⁵) *hapax legomenon* in N.T.

τύπος (v.²⁵) *hapax legomenon* in N.T. in this sense.

ἄπιστος, πιστός (v.²⁷). Nowhere else in Johannine literature.

(2) The recurrence of ὁ Κύριος (vv.^{25, 28}).

(3) A different grammatical question is raised by ὁ κύριός μου καὶ ὁ θεός μου in v.²⁸. Is it vocative? (Cf. Abbott, *J. Gr.* 2051, 2679 ff.)

(4) Literary dependence is apparent in v.²⁶ on v.¹⁹.

Contributions and Comments.

Genesis xlviii. 20.

וַעֲקַת קֹדֶם וַעֲמָהּ בִּי הָרָה וְחִשָּׁאָתָם בִּי
(כְּבִרָה מְאֹד)

THE inadequacy of all previous attempts to solve the acknowledged difficulties in the Massoretic text of this verse gives ample warrant for proposing still another solution.

The fundamental difficulty is presented in the very first word, וַעֲקַת, a construct noun, which, after the opening formula ('And the Lord said'), with the two nouns that follow, forms an expression naturally rendered, 'The cry of Sodom and Gomorrah'; and as the distinctive meaning of this opening term, like its cognate verb, is a cry for help in distress, the words have of course been regarded as signifying a cry from those who experienced the wickedness perpetrated by the godless dwellers in the cities of the Plain. On the assumption that this first noun is correct in form, interpreters have resorted to various expedients in construction, more or less violent and questionable. According to one view, 'cry' and 'sin' are to be treated as pendant, and the whole is rendered, '[As for] the cry concerning Sodom and Gomorrah,—it is indeed great; and [as for] their sin,—it is certainly very heavy': in this and other interpretations, בִּי is assumed to be strongly asseverative, citation being made of Nu 23²³, 1 S 26¹⁶, Jg 6¹⁶, etc.; the double occurrence here, however, of בִּי in this somewhat rare sense is so remarkable as to arouse suspicion. Others have assumed that there has been an accidental omission, from the beginning of the sentence, of וַעֲמָתִי, and that the statement would accordingly be rendered thus, 'I have heard the cry concerning

Sodom and Gomorrah, that it is great; and their sin, that it is very grievous.' Another view is that omission has taken place, at the beginning, of הָרָה, which, when restored, makes the sentence run thus, 'Behold, the cry from Sodom is certainly great; and their sin is certainly very grievous.'

A more satisfactory view seems to be, first, that the opening term וַעֲקַת is not a noun, but an unfortunate mistranscription of the resemblant verb-form וַעֲמָתִי,¹ which at once gives us an expression entirely appropriate as a divine utterance regarding the sin of men, 'I am wroth with Sodom and Gomorrah' (see Is 66¹⁴, Zec 1¹², Mal 1⁴, Pr 22¹⁴, etc.). Next, by setting aside the unwise Massoretic division of the sentence into two parts, and removing the conjunction ו from before חִשָּׁאָתָם, where its insertion has proved misleading, another triplet in the Hebrew text readily and naturally gives a smooth continuation of thought, 'because their sin is great.' Lastly, by changing the second בִּי into its resemblant לִי, there is obtained a third triplet forming a suitable close of the sentence, 'to me it is very grievous.'

The whole verse then runs thus:—

'And the Lord said,

I am wroth with Sodom and Gomorrah,
because their sin is great;
to me it is very grievous.'

JAMES KENNEDY.

New College, Edinburgh.

¹ It is noteworthy that in this verse the first root-letter of the noun-form 'cry' is the soft consonant ל, whereas, in the next verse, the stronger כ appears; כ and פ show similarity of form in some Hebrew alphabets, while the insertion or omission of ו and י is of common occurrence.

**'Thou wilt compass me about with
Songs of Deliverance'
(Ps. xxxii. 7).**

I WAS taking the above passage in Hindustani with a munshi who is well read in Arabic. He was struck with the phrase 'compass about with songs' and remarked that this phrase reminded him of an old Arab custom of making a circle round a bard on the battlefield, in which 'circle of song' he could remain safe no matter how the battle went.

He afterwards gave me a quotation from 'Mirasim-ul-A'rab-ul-Qadim' (Ancient Arabian Customs) to bear out his idea. A translation runs thus: 'In various countries in Arabia . . . a custom prevailing from ancient times was that, when one tribe was at war with another, a place of safety, a circular enclosure, marked out by pegs and stocks driven into the ground, was provided on the field of battle. In this circle those who sung ballads in praise of their party were accommodated. Even in the case of the defeat of their party the persons and belongings of the bards were held sacred by the victors.'

It may be that some such custom was in the mind of the Psalmist when he wrote, and I send

on the explanation for the judgment of any one interested.
J. R. HUDSON.

Saltash.

1 Corinthians vi. 1.

SURPRISE has often been expressed that St. Paul should describe Roman tribunals as 'unjust,' and (so far as I know) no adequate explanation has been given. The difficulty, however, is entirely due to overlooking the fact that in the New Testament the prevailing idea of *ādikos* is not of one who acts unfairly to others, but of one who breaks the law of God (see Mt 5⁴⁵, Lk 16^{10, 11}, Ac 24¹⁵ 1 Co 6⁹, 1 P 3¹⁸, 2 P 2⁹). Only in three instances (Lk 18¹¹, Ro 3⁵, He 6¹⁰) can it by any possibility mean 'unjust.' It is the opposite of *dikaos*, of which the prevailing reference is God-ward rather than man-ward (see, *e.g.*, Mt 13⁴⁹, Mk 6²⁰, Lk 1¹⁷ 15⁷). That this was St. Paul's meaning in 1 Co 6¹ is shown clearly in v.⁹, where the *ādikoi* are those guilty of certain specified sins (fornication, idolatry, adultery, etc.). St. Paul's point in v.¹ is simply that it is undesirable that those who obey God's law should bring their disputes before those who disregard it.

H. H. B. AVLES.

Barrow.

Entre Nous.

Laurence Binyon.

This great war seems determined to disprove the saying that the poet is born and not made. It has made men and women poets who were no poets before. But Mr. Binyon is not one of these. We knew him as a poet before the war began, we know him only as a greater poet now. The title of his new book, *The Anvil* (Elkin Mathews; 1s. net), tells the secret. All is for discipline.

THE ANVIL.

Burned from the ore's rejected dross
The iron whitens in the heat.
With plangent strokes of pain and loss
The hammers on the iron beat.
Searched by the fire, through death and dole
We feel the iron in our soul.

O dreadful Forge! if torn and bruised
The heart, more urgent comes our cry
Not to be spared but to be used,
Brain, sinew, and spirit, before we die.
Beat out the iron, edge it keen,
And shape us to the end we mean!

Muriel E. George.

We do not say there is nothing finer than the Foreword in Mrs. George's little book, *The Garden of Comfort* (S.P.C.K.; 6d. net). But the Foreword is so fine—so simple and so sufficient—that we shall quote it:

I have no skill
To speed my leaping fancy like a bird
On wings of happy song, or, deeper stirred

To wed soft harmony of words unsought
 With sudden sweet insistence of fair thought,—
 But when through empty hands the slow tears
 steal

Unkissed, uncomforted, when one doth kneel
 Heart-desolate in silence now, where twain
 Once sang together, if some halting strain
 Of mine might thrill

Sometimes above
 The aching stillness, whispering tenderly,
 'Poor Heart, there is but One can comfort
 thee,

I say it, I who know; ah, hearken, thou!
 Draw near to Him, nearer than ever now!
 It is thy God! He waits for the least spark
 Of faith, of love, least reaching through the dark
 To His kind arms; 'tis not one step to go,
 'Tis but to lift thy weeping eyes and lo,
 His face of Love!'

'Thy Saviour, thine!
 Friend of all friends, Who needeth but the lift
 Of the trembling heart to Him, to answer swift,
 Swifter than thought, grief's inarticulate cry,
 From His great heart of Human sympathy;
 Oh, Weeper, though from out thy life to-day,
 All joy, all hope, all friends be put away,
 This Friend remaineth, and He shall suffice
 Saviour and King, High Priest and Sacrifice;
 The Friend Divine!'

J. Laurence Rentoul.

Professor Rentoul of Melbourne has had a great opportunity in Australia's pride over her heroes, and he has not missed it. Under the title of *At the Sign of the Sword* (Melbourne: Melville & Mullen), he has published a few patriotic songs, some of which are sung already throughout the Australian continent. Other members of his family have contributed to the volume, and it is the poem of Mrs. Rentoul that we shall quote. Its title is

THREE ROSES.

My dark Rose is beckoning
 Across the moaning sea,—
 'Leave your white Rose,
 Your red Rose,
 O, come, and fight with me!'

My white Rose of boyhood,
 I leave you now and go,
 And follow *you*,
 My dark Rose,
 To fight and slay the foe!

My red Rose, my love-Rose,
 Your eyes with pain are dim;
 For the dark Rose
 Is waiting
 Beyond the Ocean rim!

My dark Rose, I follow
 For country and for kin,
 With white sword,
 My dark Rose,
 To fight with you and win!

George Abel.

A new edition has been issued of *Wylins fae my Wallet*, by the late Rev. George Abel. It contains a portrait of the author and a sympathetic short biography by Mr. Alexander Gammie (Paisley: Gardner; 2s. 6d. net). Within a fortnight of the issue of the first edition Mr. Abel suddenly died.

Ian Bernard Stoughton Holborn.

Mr. Stoughton Holborn is an architect. He contributed a remarkable article on 'Architecture' to the first volume of the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*, illustrating it most artistically with his own hand. Is he also a poet? This handsome and highly finished volume seems to say so. If we could quote one of the longer poems no doubt would remain. One of the shorter may serve. But the admission must be made that the shorter do not bring out the special ballad gift of the author. The title of the volume is *Children of Fancy* (Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot; 6s. net).

IN VAIN.

I cry, O Lord, for the eventless calm
 Of dim still hills,
 Where dews diffuse the silence of their balm
 For earth's loud ills,
 Where passion and the heats of struggle lie
 Hushed to unending sleep,
 And my defeated soul shall cease to try
 Wild waters running deep.

And O, fair Lord, across some mountain pool,
 The winds must play,
 Whose delicate soft fingers, dearly cool,
 My pains allay:
 Nor shall they make low murmurs in the grass
 Nor streams in music fall,
 Lest those remembered moments dare to pass
 I would no more recall.

And I will shut my eyes till all things fade;
 Ere some faint gleam
 Of colour, flowing into lustrous shade,
 Bring back my dream,
 And light again the longing and desire
 For that which never came
 And fan the whiteness of my spirit's fire
 To a tormented flame.

Yet Lord, if such as this be heavenly bliss,
 'Tis not for me:
 Its very peace would stir my soul to miss
 The fires I flee.
 Nay, naught shall quench them, till my lips I wet
 By Lethé's hollow shore;
 And, if it be that I shall then forget,
 I shall be I no more.

Mary G. Cherry.

While Miss Cherry is serving as Quartermaster of a Red Cross Hospital, Miss S. Gertrude Ford has edited a new volume of her poems for the series called 'Little Books of Georgian Verse.' The title is *Hill and Heather; or, England's Heart* (Erskine Macdonald; 1s. net). Miss Cherry is English born but has Scottish blood, 'being a descendant, on her mother's side, of the Duke of Montrose.' She sings that

In a' the world there is nae land
 Sae lo'ed as oor ain Scottish strand.

Nevertheless the example we shall give is English:

SEMPER VIRENS.

When flowers are golden and fields are green,
 When music flows from the misty hill,
 And the world is fair as it might have been
 And Life is the great Adventure still;
 Then over the moors is borne the word
 'Mid scent of bracken and heather bright,
 The ceaseless call of the sweet brown bird—
 A song by day, and a sigh by night.

When fields are barren and bare and brown,
 When rain-storms sweep from the misty hill,
 And flowers have lost their golden gown,
 Yet Life is the great Adventure still;
 For over the moors is heard above
 The breeze that blows o'er the heather way,
 The ceaseless call of a deathless love,
 A sigh by night, and a song by day.

C. J. Dennis.

The Bulletin (of Australia) says: 'C. J. Dennis is not only an Australian poet; he is a poet.' The book is *The Songs of a Sentimental Bloke* (Oxford: Humphrey Milford; 3s. 6d.). *The Bulletin* makes no boast. But how to prove it? Only by the quotation of a poem, and the assertion that one is just as good as another. But they are all too long for quotation. Let us quote the first four and the last two stanzas of:

THE KID.

My son! . . . Them words, jist like a blessed
 song,
 Is singin' in me 'eart the ole day long;
 Over an' over; while I'm scared I'll wake
 Out of a dream, to find it all a fake.

My son! Two little words, that, yesterdee,
 Wus jist two simple, senseless words to me,
 An' now—no man, not since the world begun,
 Made any better pray'r than that . . . My son!

My son an' blooming 'eir . . . Ours! . . . 'Ers
 an' mine!
 The finest kid in—Aw, the sun don't shine—
 Ther' ain't no joy fer me beneath the blue
 Unless I'm gazin' lovin' at them two.

A little while ago it was jist 'me'—
 A lonely, longin' streak o' misery.
 An' then 'twas 'er an' me'—Doreen, my wife!
 An' now it's 'im an' us'—sich is life.

My wife an' fam'ly! Don't it sound all right!
 That's wot I whispers to meself at night.
 Some day, I s'pose, I'll learn to say it loud
 An' careless; kiddin' that I don't feel proud.

My son! . . . If ther's a Gawd 'Oo's leanin' near
 To watch our dilly little lives down 'ere,
 'E smiles, I guess, if 'E's a lovin' one—
 Smiles, friendly-like, to 'ear them words—My
 son!

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works,
 and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street,
 Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary com-
 munications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings
 Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.